Spirit of the Times

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. Y. is informed that the substance of his communication shall be communicated to the gentleman desiring a trainer, and they will thus be put in immediate correspondence.

We will drop "N." a line at our very earliest leisure.

A Richmond theatrical correspondent was received too late. We were not at the theatre on the night in question.

Our thanks are due to Seebright for his spirited communication. May we hear from him again?

Things Theatrical.

THE PARK.—We can only chronicle of this house the continued and ample success attending Mr. FORREST's personation of his favorite characters, during the week. There seems to be a freshness and vigor pervading this gentleman's acting, that gives to each enactment the novelty of a first performance, and the enthusiasm of the house nightly encourages him to the exertion of his utmost powers. Often as he has played his round of characters, there seems no falling off in the numbers attending his personations, nor in the intensity with which they listen to his vivid portraitures.

Madame LECOMPTE has, during the holidays, added to Mr. Forrest's her own powerful attractions, and we need not say, has given to the entertainments of this house irresistible allurements, suited to all tastes. This lady is now in the full tide of popularity, which injustice cannot oppose or detract from.

Mrs. SHAW is still with us, but is prevented, during Mr. Forrest's engagement, from exhibiting the varied accomplishments of which she is possessed. Shortly, however, the opportunity will occur, and she need have but little fear that her rare capabilities will not be duly appreciated by the frequenters of the Park.

ELLEN TREE is making Mr. Abbot's fortune at Charleston.

Miss CLIFTON is in Philadelphia, and elicits high praise from the press of that city. From thence this lady goes South, by the land route, we believe, thus enabling her to make temporary engagements in all the principal cities. Again we commend Miss Clifton most earnestly to the courtesies of our Southern friends. She possesses talents and beauty, and to "Southrons," what need we say more?

Madame CARADORI's concerts in Boston are crowded to excess, as indeed they must be everywhere. When shall we see her again?

VANDENHOFF is playing in Washington.

AN AMERICAN LADY is to appear at the Chesnut-street theatre as *Zoloe*, in the *Bayadere*.

The GIANT, Major STEVENS, and Miss GANNON are at the National, Boston.

"VELASCO" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A. B.," in his remarks upon Mr. Sargent's tragedy of "Velasco," would seem to intimate that it bears an unacknowledged resemblance to Corneille's tragedy of "The Cid." The author, however, mentions in the preface to his play, (privately printed,) that the French dramatist had handled the subject; and, prior to the performance of "Velasco," this preface was published in one of the Boston daily papers. Of the origin of the piece, Mr. S. thus speaks:—

"The subject of this tragedy was suggested by an incident in the life of the Cid, Rodrigo Diaz, whose fame is so intimately blended with the history and literature of Castile. The title of *Es Sayd* (or my Lord, from which was derived the name of the Cid), was bestowed upon him by five Moorish generals, whom he had vanquished. This personage, in the early part of his extraordinary career, to punish an intolerable insult offered to his father by Gomez, or Gormaz, challenged and slew the offender. At the time of the deed, he was betrothed to the daughter of his antagonist; and she subsequently appealed to the king for justice against her lover. Historians differ as to the result of her appeal; but popular tradition assures us, that she was finally united to the Cid in marriage."

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"It was not until after I had developed the plot, and completed most of the scenes of this play, that I discovered the subject had been already handled by an old Spanish dramatist, Guillem de Castro; and that upon his work Corneille had founded his celebrated *chef d'œuvre* of *The Cid*, a play which has, perhaps, elicited more commentary and controversy than were ever heaped upon any similar production. Diamante, a Spanish writer, has also treated the subject dramatically in *El Honorador de su padre;* and Colley Cibber has unsuccessfully attempted, in the *Heroic Daughter*, to adapt Corneille to the English stage. Of the extent of that temerity which has permitted me to enter upon a course trodden by such competitors, the candid reader must by comparison judge."

It is probable that the author would have given his drama a name to mark its origin, had he not been deterred by feeling that he had taken great liberties with historical personages. "Velasco" resembles "The Cid" only in its having the same basis of truth and tradition. The story is managed in an entirely original manner, and by far the most effective portions of the play are those which are wholly imaginary. Apart from the merit of producing a fine tragedy, it is no inconsiderable triumph for Mr. Sargent to have introduced upon the English stage one of the most romantic events in the history of Spain's most celebrated hero. D.

JOHN RICHARDSON, THE SHOWMAN.

Richardson was an extraordinary man: without education he made his way; was destitute of neither knowledge nor humor; and though he could not, by rule, execute a common sum in multiplication, was, in reality, an able arithmetician. A few specimens of his humor may not be unamusing.

When Mr. Macready, who is a perfect gentleman and a finished scholar, came out (1816), old Richardson was asked if he had seen the aspirant?

"No, Muster," said the showman, "I knows nothing about him. in fact, he's some wagabond as no un knows: one of them chaps as an't had any eddication for the thing; he never was with me, as Edmund Kean and them reglars was."

Gouffee, called the "Man Monkey," was originally seen by Vale, the low comedian, at a public-house, where he walked about the room heels upwards, and his hands on pint pots, &c. Vale recommended him to the Surrey manager, and at that theatre (previously in a poor state) he became highly attractive. Soon afterwards Vale amused himself by a visit to Bartholomew Fair, and, amidst other sights, visited "ould Richardson."

"Ha! Muster Vale," said the veteran; "I'm blessed if you and the other *bould* speakers hof the Surrey houghten't to go on your blessed knees, and give a penn'orth of gingerbread-nut to hevery individual monkey in this here fair; for I'm blessed if a monkey an't put nuts in *your* mouths for the last two months."

When at St. Alban's, where he went annually, an actor named A—— offered his services.—"Ha! Muster," said old Jack, "I remember you well, and no mistake; you was one of them *bould* speakers at the *Cowburg;* but I can't give you more than 30s. a week."

The sum was a fortune, and Richardson's offer was of course accepted. The manager and actor adjourned to take *a half-pinter*—(i. e. half a pint of porter, the only fluid, and the only quantity, *at a time*, he ever indulged in). Mr. A. proceeded to the booth; he walked the parade in front for some time silently, and at last, remembering that he had "drawn" sundry shillings in advance from the old man, and had, moreover, imbibed several *half-pinters*, saw the propriety of making some exertion; accordingly, advancing to the front, he enunciated the usual invocation—

"Walk up, walk up; the players, the players,
The only booth in the fair."

In a few minutes up came old Richardson, nearly breathless, exclaiming—

"Where is that bould speaker? I must give him five shillings more a week, for I'm blessed if I didn't hear him down at the brig." (The "brig" alluded to is a bridge, at least a quarter of a mile from the place where the booth stood.)

Richardson was anxious for notice in the journals: a certain penny-a-liner, "for a consideration," inserted some laudatory paragraphs respecting the "performances" at Greenwich fair: for these he drew certain coin of the realm, from crowns to sovereigns, from the old showman's pocket; unfortunately, the demands were more frequent than the paragraphs, and at last old Richardson positively refused to advance any more. The literary gentleman upon this brought Richardson a paragraph, stating that his "theatre" was a place of "reputable" and "agreeable" amusement, and told him, if half a sovereign was not forthcoming, he should interpolate the syllable "dis" before the words reputable and agreeable. The money was paid, and ever afterwards, when literature was on the tapis, Richardson inveighed against "that there hatrocious wagabon wot hedits the *Times;*" for, strange to say, he never heard of any article or paragraph without imagining it to emanate not only from the leading journal, but from its editor himself.

Address for the Opening of Covent Garden Theatre.

BY SERGEANT TALFOURD—SPOKEN BY MR. MACREADY.

If, in the vacant scene, one busy fear,
Hath whisper'd peril to my bold career,
And bade my thoughts awhile the colors wear
Of their's who link our Drama to despair;
If I have trembled lest indulgence past
Deceptive hues on present aims should cast,
And, doubting, check'd my mind's ambitious scope,
Lest gratitude should steal the rays of hope—
Here, once before you, all misgiving ends,
Lost in the light your genial circle lends,
While crowded life thus meets the actor's eye
He feels the life-like art can never die;
While hope, joy, pity, thrill yon greater sphere,
Their fairest aspects must be mirror'd here.

What though in death the once-lov'd forms are hears'd,
Of those who woke your joy and wonder first,
Though great remembrances, the actor's fame,
Shrink to the lingering glory of a name;
Though fat in memory's depth, some face of woe,
Wan as its tears through wintry time would flow,
Gleam on the student who shall vainly crave
To rescue more of SIDDONS from the grave;
Though grace of waving robe and laurell'd brow
Be all the youth retains of KEMBLE now;
Though from the mist of childish years, a mien
Flash but an instant with the fire of KEAN,
Let not stern justice humbler aims condemn,
Nor scorn the art in us you lov'd in them!

No! while, with duteous care, we seek the store
Our eldest poets left of deathless lore,
And bid the forms of noblest passion thence
In garb antique glide palpable to sense;
While feebler bards, confessing nature's rule,
Aspire and worship in her glorious school,
Trace the dark pageantries of ages flown,
Or catch the living glories of their own,
And seek our art's assistance to imbue
With life their scenes their painful study drew,
Within these hallowed walls, whose memory brings
A thousand hours to gleam on golden wings,
Conscious of actors' and of poets' fate,
Still shall the British drama hold her state,
By kindness nurtur'd, which her greatest son
For all his nature's hopes and frailties won,
Which to each trembling aim assurance gives
From stores, which cannot fail—while SHAKSPEARE lives!

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

ADELPHI.—On Monday evening, a new romantic drama, in three acts, entitled *Valska, or the Slave Queen*, was introduced at this theatre, with the most complete and well-merited success. It is an adaptation by Mr. J. S. Coyne, author of some popular farces, from *La Guerre de Cervantes* played in Paris last season, with great *eclat*. The Adelphi management has long had the credit of producing what is called "spectacle," in a style superior to any other house, and, on this occasion, Yates certainly appeared as though he was resolved to be *facile princeps* of spectacle makers. It was not merely gorgeous—it was the *chef d'œuvre* of correct taste—worthy of an artist, both as regards design and execution. The *tableaux* were admirably arranged. The dresses and decorations appropriate to the time and country, and the closing scene magnificent beyond description.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre, in defiance of the rivalry of its numerous competitors, continues to be crowded nightly with fashionable audiences. *The Love Chase* has proved so successful a card that it still retains a leading place in the bills; indeed, it is now considered as a proof of *mauvais goul* in dramatic affairs not to have seen it. In addition to the attractions of this beautiful comedy, the manager has secured for the lovers of nautical humor the services of Mr. T. P. Cooke, who appeared in two of the most favorite pieces during the past week, *Black Eyed Susan* and *The Pilot*. Of his performance in *William* and *Long Tom Coffin*, it would be superfluous to offer remarks here, except that we never remember having seen him act with greater spirit. His laughter is still as joyous as his step is elastic, as if time had given him a patent of perpetual youth.—Mrs. Waylett's ballads in *Black Eyed Susan* are distinguished by the sweetness which has made this delightful songstress deservedly popular.

NORTON FOLGATE.—On Monday night Mrs. Honey made her first appearance here since her indisposition, in a dramatic character. The part chosen by her was the amorous fighting *Don Juan*, in a new operatic spectacle, founded on Byron's celebrated poem, and bearing the same title. It will be quite sufficient for our readers to know that the drama embraces the principal events in the hero's life, as recounted in the poem, so far as the scene in the harem of the Sultana at Constantinople, which the author has ingeniously altered for the purpose of producing an effective *denouement*. Mrs. Honey's acting in the loving volatile *Juan* was particularly happy, and drew down repeated rounds of applause from a numerous and very respectable audience. The fair *Haide* (Miss Holmes) was as lackadaisical impersonation of a love sick young lady as we would desire to see. A new song, entitled "Love and Glory," was given by Mr. Marsden in the trifling character of *Constantine* with considerable effect.

EFFECT OF GOOD ACTING.—A laughable incident occurred during the performance at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday evening. The piece was the *Pilot*, in which Mr. T. P. Cooke sustained the hero with his usual ability. Two sailors in the pit for some time excited considerable attention by the deep interest which they evidently took in the progress of the performance. At length, in the scene where *Long Tom Coffin* is attacked by the American soldiers, one of the jolly tars, who had evidently got rather more grog than he could conveniently carry, made a rush for the stage, cleared the orchestra at a leap, and flew to the rescue of his brother sailor. The uproar in the house may be easily conceived. A whole regiment of Yankee heroes were routed in an instant, and Mr. Gallot, who enacted the part of the sergeant, received sundry solid tokens of Jack's zeal for the honor of the British navy. The poor fellow was, of course, immediately secured, and marched off to the station house; but without any intention on the part of the manager, or of the actors, to press a charge against him. Mr. T. P. Cooke was hit in the scuffle. Jack tried hard to get hold of a sword, and could he have succeeded, he might perhaps have done more serious mischief.

ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA.—The success of the experiment made last season at the Lyceum, has induced Mr. Mitchell to make even more liberal and extensive arrangements for the ensuing season, which commences, we understand, on Thursday, the 16th inst. Amongst the vocalists already engaged are—Mdlle. Scheroni (from the Conservatorio, and La Scala, Milan), Madame Franceschini (from the Teatro San Carlos, Naples), Mdlle. Eckerlin, Madame Bellini, Miss Fanny Woodham; Signori Catone, Sanquirico, Lenai, Bellini, Castellan, and Frederick Lablanche. The orchestral department will be exceedingly strong, led by Mori; Signor Puzzi is to be director. Her Majesty and many of the nobility have already ordered boxes, and the season promises to be extremely brilliant. The performances will take place at the Lyceum as before.

Balfe's new opera at Drury-lane has been laid aside for a little time, in order that a romantic spectacle may be brought out on a scale of great magnificence, in one scene of which there will be 700 people employed in addition to 40 horses, besides camels and other animals.

ENGLISH TABLE-TALK.

At his last party, Horace Twiss, pointing to a bottle on the table, asked his new foootman from which bin he took it. "I don't know indeed," said the fellow, "but here's the *change*," at the same time clapping down a few "coppers," the balance of Horace's "siller." Twiss discharged the fellow instanter.

FAREWELL TO MY GOOSE.

I've cut, quoth Harrington, the yard,
The inch and ell aside I've put;
But oh, ye gods! it seems most hard,
That I can't also *cut* the *foot!*

"Are you invited to dine with the Queen?" inquired Bonham of Twiss "Not exactly," rejoined Horace, "but I intend paying my respects to my friends at Buckingham Palace during her absence!" "In the hope of a good dinner?" "In the certainty of one," concluded Twiss.

"You appear merry, Sir John," observed Lady Beresford to the Admiral. "I am so," replied the gallant Admiral, "and I mean to keep it up all the week." "Keep what up all the week?" was the question put by the lady, with a mixed expression of astonishment and doubt.

THE FACE-AL TORCH.

"The candles are out," cried Tim Curtis, as he
From the table in search of the bell-rope now rose;
"Sit still," shouted Blandford, "for clear enough we
Can see to drink on by the light of thy nose!"

"How shall I be able to distinguish between the Aldermen and the Common Councilmen?" inquired her Majesty of her Minister. "Very easily, I assure your Majesty," rejoined Melbourne; "the Aldermen are by far the greatest men." "And the Lord Mayor *greater* still, I presume?" continued the Queen. The Premier explained.

Lady Jersey, notwithstanding her admitted acuteness and aptitude for the discussion of matters which usually belong to the stronger sex, has a great horror of being considered a learned lady. As she expressed it the other day to the noble Earl, she would rather be thought *green* than *blue*. The noble Earl, on the contrary, is much less likely to be deemed *blue* than *green*.

The Duchess of Cannizzaro, from her devotion to gaiety and pleasure, has been erroneously supposed to entertain no political opinions. An inquiry being put to her Grace the other day as to her sentiments, she frankly admitted that they were those of "the movement."

The Skinner's Company very benevolently offer loans to promising young men who are ambitious of commencing business. The name of the company is ominous, and we should be apt to suppose that accustomed as they are to *flaying*, they would *skin a flint* in seeking due profit from the loans of their spare cash. All their skinning, however, we believe, is only in the way of trade.

After all the letting of seats, and erecting of scaffolds to see the Lord Mayor's procession, what is it to consist of? Why, nothing but the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Sheriffs, a sprinkling of beadles, and the mace-bearers. And to keep the crowd off from viewing this contemptible handful of citizens, a body of three thousand seven hundred and fifty policemen will be required, and the streets are to be lined with them at ten paces apart from one another. A better procession could be got up at a penny theatre. It is true the Aldermen are to be in chains, which gives a touch of melo drama to the business. We perceive that a special instruction has been issued to the Lord Mayor to wear a collar. Is this a hint for him to put on clean linen? Surely such a suggestion could not have been necessary.

"Are the Aldermen, my Lord Melbourne," inquired her Majesty, speaking on the subject of the approaching city festival, "such great eaters?"—"*Frightful*, I assure your Majesty," replied the Premier. "Hence the derivation of *ordinary*—a meal much in vogue among the city gentry." The Queen appeared much pleased with the explanation.

The chief feature of the all-glorious Christmas pantomimes at the principal houses will be the approaching procession from Temple Bar to Guildhall—the interior of which it is intended faithfully to represent, and in one instance so far to improve on the great original as by supposing magical agency to cause a change of the whole scene. The Queen is to be transformed into Columbine—Palmerston into Harlequin—the Lord Mayors, present and past, into Clown and Pantaloon—the Aldermen into turtle, and the Common Councilmen into *spoons?* Thus shall we witness a sensible illustration of the great maxim, of there being but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous!

Married, in Deerfield, Mr. Randolphus Peeler, to Miss Abigail L. Lovison.

So soon as the marriage knot was tied,
The groom a hearty kiss applied,
Of love the sweetest sealer:
When Abby, turning to her dear,
Thus shly whispered in his ear,
"I vow you are a PEELER!"

"Is Fleetwood blind?" asked Wakley of Whalley. "I should think he must be nearly so," rejoined the Knight, "judging from the number of *specs* he has in his eye."

A GREAT MAN.

That Buckingham has *weight* as said,
Is very clearly shown;
Is not his head a *stone* of *lead*—
His heart a *ton* of *stone?*

Poltimore wrote the other day to a friend in town, to the effect that his recent visit to France was not without its good effects on his own as well as Mrs. Poltimore's health. "For," continued he, "I have reason to believe the stars have again been propitious, and that in due season the earth will give forth more fruit." Poltimore pippins! think of that, Master Brook.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"What gave you for that cab?" in pure good will
Allen inquired. Quoth Alvanley, "my bill!"

Pill and Plaster Bozzi, *alias* Granville, gives out that the Fulham *cabbage* garden is, under the superintending eye of Mrs. Sultz, to be converted into one immense bed of *pa-snips*." Bozzi's wit is like his practice, extremely limited.

THE VANE CASKET.

How adorned are his brows—yet he's jealous, 'tis said,
(It is well thus to choose between two ills)
Of his lady, who makes a mere case of his head,
To display there the *family jewels.*

"In building your projected town," remarked a friend to Hesketh Fleetwood, "there is one thing necessary to its ultimate success." "What is that?" inquired the honorable member. "A population," replied the friend. "A mere trifle," concluded Fleetwood, "for I assure you I should not have the least difficulty in *getting* a hundred families in a few months." "Miss Martineau be praised!" exclaimed the friend, and the conversation dropped.

Archbishop Howley plays an excellent game of chess, to which he is much attached. Being asked one day whether *play* was allowable to a profession devoted to spiritual pursuits, his Grace very frankly replied, that he thought it highly improper for the "*working* clergy." Bishop Bloomfield takes much the same view of the matter.

BEAR SHOOTING IN THE EAST.

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

Reader, hast thou ever indulged in that very pleasant, but, like most pleasant things, very wrong habit of taking snuff? Hast thou ever, when in want of inspiration, flown for relief to thy snuff-mull, and, having tapped the *Cairn-Gorms* which ornaments the top, with a grave and philosophic shake of the head solemnly raised the lid, and regaled thy famished nostrils with a pinch? Hast thou not, on such an occasion, forthwith discovered that the floodgates of thy wit have been opened, and that ideas have poured down upon thee, driving thy pen along with the resistless impetuosity of a winter torrent? If thou hast, thou must know, or canst imagine, the drowsy, listless sensation which comes over one when deprived of the inspiring stimulant—the dearth of ideas—the utter want of fire which may be detected in the writing, or even conversation, of that luckless wight, who—having long indulged in the aforesaid very pleasant but very wrong, or, as our fair helpmate hath it, very disgusting and very filthy habit—hath suddenly been debarred the use of his nasal rod.

Such, gentle reader, is the sad predicament in which we, the once snuff-inspired Forest Ranger, are now placed; and, to all snuff-takers at least, we look for sympathy and a lenient criticism of the following pages, stale, flat, and unprofitable as an empty snuff mull.

Thou art, no doubt, anxious to learn the means by which we, an aged sinner, have so suddenly been converted—and thou shalt be informed; but we must first crave permission to ask one question—Hast thou a wife, gentle reader—a loving helpmate, who, out of pure kindness and affection, and for thine own proper good, keepeth thee in utter subjection? Or, if thou art still in a state of single blessedness, hast thou a fair friend, a guardian angel in female guise, who is thou lovest better than thyself, and at whose command thou wouldst lay down thy life if required? If thou hast either one or other, thou canst understand the means by which our conversion hath been brought about. If thou hast not, we must inform thee that nothing short of a very influential helpmate, or a much-beloved female friend, hath power to work such a miracle.

Gentle reader, ours is the former case. Our fair helpmate, Heaven bless her! hath, after running in couples with a *snuffy carle* for twenty long years, suddenly taken it into her wise little head that it is necessary for her peace of mind that he should forthwith reform his manners, purify himself, and discontinue the vile, filthy habit of snuff-taking—a habit which, to use her own words, begrimeth the face, spoileth the form of the nose—Heaven bless the mark!—destroyeth the voice, and eventually undermineth the constitution. Remonstrance hath been vain. We have seen our beloved mull committed to the flames before our eyes, and, with a heart-rending sigh, we have bidden adieu to the inspiring drug for ever.

We have this moment instinctively dived into the deepest recesses of our capacious *sporran* in search of the consolatory snuff-mull which no longer exists. And this reminds us that we must once more crave the sympathy of our snuff-taking readers, as well as the indulgence of our fair friends, which will no doubt be granted by the kind-hearted creatures, in consideration of the dutiful and submissive manner in which we have yielded to the gentle influence of our affectionate spouse.

And so—scratching our ear and nibbing the tip of our pen, the only means now left to us of invoking inspiration—we proceed, with feeble hand, to record the further adventures of our two sporting friends, whom we left in the jungle some two months back, ruminating over the carcass of a dead bison.

How great a change has taken place since they first entered the forest! The sun is now high in the heavens; the fresh morning breeze has died away, giving place to a close, suffocating, steamy air; and all nature seems to be overpowered by the approaching mid-day heat. The stillness of death pervades the woods which so lately swarmed with life. Not a sound is heard to break the solemn silence, save, at long intervals, the tap of a solitary woodpecker, or the dismal wailing cry of the grey monkey, which, heard from a distance echoing among the hollow arches of the forest, sounds almost unearthly, and, to a superstitious mind, would suggest the idea of some evil spirit of the woods denouncing woe on the rash intruders whose footsteps have dared to violate the awful solitude of the wilderness.

But we cannot attempt to describe the feelings of wonder and admiration almost amounting to awe, the wild spirit of romance, the ardent love of adventure with which, in our younger days, we have wandered through the pathless forest, and listened with rapture to the wild voices of the woods, as a lover to the soft sigh of his mistress. No; these feelings are not to be described, nor can they be understood, save by one who has wandered deep into the trackless wilds of an Indian forest, with no companion but his trusty rifle, no guide to direct his steps but the fiery sun which scorches the tree-tops—by one who has seen the prowling tiger, cross his solitary path, and stood proudly, silent, and alone, over the prostrate carcass of the vanquished bison.

We must, therefore, leave our readers to imagine as they best may the ideas which are flitting through the brain of our friend Charles as he sits upon the trunk of that fallen tree, with his head resting on his hand, and gazing vacantly into the dark vista of the forest which lies in front of him. His head is evidently full of poetry: he may be composing verses for aught we know, or perhaps he is only admiring the dancing of the sunbeams, which, streaming through the thick foliage in threads of golden light, chequer the earth with bright and fitful gleams, whilst over head, the polished green leaves upon which the rays happen to fall sparkle like emeralds amidst the surrounding gloom. At all events, he is indulging in a day-dream of some sort, and whether the subject thereof be sunbeams or ladies' eyes is no business of ours.

Mansfield is reposing at full length upon the grass, smoking a cheroot, and amusing himself by making a sketch of the fallen bison—for he is a naturalist as well as a sportsman, and always preserves drawings of rare animals, or specimens of an unusual size which he may happen to meet with. The Jaggardar is squatted at the root of a tree, with his knees doubled up to his chin, puffing out huge volumes of smoke, and apparently unconscious of what is passing around him—for his eyes are half closed, every muscle is relaxed, and his attitude is altogether one of dreamy, listless idleness; but it is only the repose of the tiger: every faculty is on the full stretch; not a sound falls unheeded on his watchful ear; and, from time to time, his breathing is checked, and his wide nostrils distended, as if he depended as much on the sense of smell as on any other faculty, for obtaining that information of approaching danger so necessary to the safety of a wandering savage.

"A splendid specimen, by Jupiter!" muttered Mansfield, soliloquizing, as he carefully measured off a tape with which he had previously taken the dimensions of the bull. "Two full inches higher than any one I have ever met with—and I have seen a few, too; we must take a note of this. Let me see—what day?—aye, fifteenth May—Western Jungle—genus Bos—variety *Bos Gaurus*—rare animal—history very imperfectly known.—Mem. look him up in Cuvier—large made—height at the shoulder, six feet four—length from nose to insertion of tail, eleven feet—girth of fore-arm, two feet eight—girth of——"

"*Abbah saumee!*"* exclaimed the Jaggardar, suddenly starting from his indolent position, and stretching forward his neck, as if listening attentively to some sound which was not audible to his companions.

"Halloo, old fellow! what's in the wind now?" cried Mansfield, throwing down his note-book, and grasping his rifle.

The Jaggardar returned no answer, but continued to listen attentively for a repetition of the sound which had at first arrested his attention; at length, having apparently satisfied himself as to its nature, and the quarter from whence it proceeded, he quietly relapsed into his listless attitude, merely uttering the word "*Reench*."†

"A bear!" cried Mansfield, hastily shoving his sketching materials into his pocket.—"Come, Charles, my boy, we must have his hide before we go to breakfast, hot though it be. What say you?"

"By all manner of means," cried Charles, starting to his feet and shouldering his rifle; "never mind the heat; I'm up to anything after that brush with the bison; regularly savage; fit to wap my weight in wild cats, as the yankees say; so hurrah! and at him. Of course our friend Kamah can ferret him out for us; I shall never presume to doubt his powers in that way again, after witnessing the masterly style in which he brought us up to the bison."

"You may see by the quiet expression of the old pagan's features that he has no doubt upon that head himself," replied Mansfield; "but I shall just ask him the question, that we may hear what answer he will make. Here, Jaggardar; you heard a bear just now?"

"Ho, Sahib." "Shall we be able to get a shot at him, think you?"

"If it is the Sahib's pleasure to do so; but, for my own part, I have no quarrel with the bear at present, for although he does steal a little honey, there is plenty in these woods for both of us."

"Oh! that is a very good excuse," said Mansfield, winking to Charles; "the Juggardar talks like an old woman; he does not know where to find the bear, and wants to put us off by saying he has no quarrel with him."

"Does the Sahib wish to laugh at the beard of old Kamah?" replied the savage, with an air of offended dignity. "Is the Jaggardar a dog that he should eat dirt, or is the Sahib a child, not to know that where the wild bee hangs her nest, there will the bear be found also? Go, Sahib, and try to throw dust in the eyes of the *topee wallahs* (literally, men who wear hats—Europeans)." So saying, the Jaggardar turned on his heel, and walked off with a sullen dogged air.

"So much for good example!" cried Charles, bursting into a triumphant laugh. "I do like to see people practise what they preach. Do you recollect your good advice to me?—Mind you always treat him with the utmost respect! Never interfere with him in following up a trail! And, above all things, avoid laughing at him! Ha! ha! ha! Capital! I take it, my worthy preceptor has got himself into a scrape, and will find that the Jaggardar has turned the joke against him."

"Faith you may say that," replied Mansfield, with rather a blank look; "I have fairly set the old devil's bristles up, and it will be no easy matter to smooth them down again. However, I must try to coax the vermin into good humour, else the chances are he will start off and leave us to find our way out of the jungle as we can: in which case our stomachs are likely to be better acquainted with wild berries than hashed venison for the next two or three days, as I know to my cost. I lost myself in this forest once before, and have no fancy to repeat the experiment."

So saying, Mansfield followed the sulky steps of the Jaggardar, in hopes of bringing him to reason, whilst Charles, whose inward man was beginning to wax somewhat importunate for food, and who, consequently, did not altogether relish the idea of a few days' ruralizing in the forest on such primitive fare as wild fruits and muddy water, watched the progress of the conference with no small degree of interest.

The Jaggardar was at first implacable; but Mansfield had luckily great influence over him, and, after a long palaver, at length succeeded in pacifying him. A hearty pull out of the brandy flask, which Mansfield always carried in his pocket, but only to be used in cases of emergency, completely restored old Kamah to good humor. His harsh features gradually relaxed into a broad grin as he felt the generous liquor warm his heart, and, extending his bony hand to Mansfield, with an important and somewhat patronizing air, said—

"There is peace between us—upon my eyes be it; the bear shall be made to eat the Sahib's bullets."

Peace being thus happily restored, no time was lost in proceeding to business. The Jaggardar led the way, as usual, advancing directly into the thickest part of the jungle, and occasionally breaking a small branch from the trees which he passed, to serve as landmarks in guiding him back to the spot where they had killed the bison.

"Dekho, Sahib!" exclaimed Kamah, with a grin, as they emerged from a thicket of bamboo and came upon an open space in the forest, in the centre of which stood a teak-tree of gigantic proportions. "That is the sort of bait to catch bears: the Sahib will know it when he sees it again."

The old villain chuckled mightily at his own wit, as he pointed to the topmost branches, from whence depended huge semicircular masses of honeycomb, several feet in depth, which looked as if it must have required the united labor of many successive generations of bees to have constructed them.

"There," said Mansfield, pointing to the stem of the tree, the bark of which, as high as the branches, was much scratched and torn, as if by the claws of some animal; "there are Master Bruin's marks pretty distinctly visible, and from the number of them, I should guess he is tolerably punctual in his visits to the Jaggardar's bee-hives."

"Sawmee," whispered the Jaggardar, creeping close up to Mansfield and touching him on the shoulder; "Dekho, Sahib," and he pointed eagerly towards the top of the tree. Mansfield followed with his eye the direction indicated; and there, in the midst of a dense mass of foliage, a small patch of black fur was faintly visible.

"That's our friend, by all that's beautiful!" cried he, rubbing his hands. "Here, Charley, my boy, do you take the first shot, and let us see how cleverly you can knock the old fellow off his perch."

"Where is he?" asked Charles, looking up, and shading his eyes with his hand. "I can see nothing."

"There, among that thick mass of leaves at the very top of the tree; do you not observe a small black spot?"

"Aye, aye; now I have it." Charles raised his rifle slowly and fired. The bear remained motionless, and the sharp rattle of the bullet as it crashed through the branches left no doubt that it had missed its object."

"Below him," said Mansfield, with great composure, at the same time raising his rifle and firing quickly. This shot was answered by a sudden growl and a convulsive start on the part of the bear, but he still remained motionless, and showed no symptoms of being wounded.

"Another miss!" cried Charles, in great glee; "I've still a chance to draw first blood, after all. Hurra!"

"By the beard of the Prophet, I believe you are right," said Mansfield, regarding his rifle with a look of astonishment, such as a keeper might be expected to bestow on a favorite pointer that had suddenly taken a fancy to running in to birds, instead of dropping at shot. "And yet I can hardly believe that Clincher would make such an egregious mistake either. I had full six square inches of black fur to fire at, and the range is not above seventy yards. Well, never mind; better luck next time; but, in the meantime, we must get right under the tree to have a view of him, for I see he has shifted his position. That shot was too near to be pleasant, whether it hit him or not. Ha! what's this?" continued Mansfield, as he looked upwards from the root of the tree, and felt a large warm drop fall upon his forehead. "Blood, as I live! and plenty of it, too. See, it comes pattering down amongst the dry leaves like rain. I thought Clincher would hardly play me such a trick as to miss at that distance."

As he said this, a rustling was heard in the branches overhead, and the bear, sliding from the branch on which he was perched, began slowly and cautiously to descend the tree, turning his head from side to side, showing his teeth in a threatening manner, and growling fiercely at his assailants. Charles raised his piece, and was about to fire.

"Hold!" cried Mansfield, as he busied himself in re-loading the barrel of his rifle which had been discharged; "fair play, fair play; don't take an ungentlemanlike advantage of poor Bruin; he is a gallant fellow to think of showing fight against such odds, and it is but common civility to let him reach the ground before we proceed to further hostilities. You shall have the first round with him if you only keep quiet and let him get down." Charles lowered his rifle, and stood watching the clumsy progress of the bear with great interest.

The poor brute had evidently received a severe wound, and moved with great pain and difficulty. Faster and faster pattered the large drops, forming a crimson pool at the foot of the tree. The growl of defiance was changed to a faint moaning cry, half stifled by the blood which now bubbled copiously from the distended jaws; the faintness of death was upon him: he no longer attempted to descend, but clasping his fore paws firmly round a projecting branch, held on with convulsive energy.

"It's all over with him," said Mansfield; "give the poor brute another shot, and put him out of pain."

Charles instantly fired; one deep groan was heard; slowly and reluctantly the gigantic fore paws relaxed their hold.—"Stand from under," shouted Mansfield, and next moment the enormous black mass descended to the earth with a velocity that made it rebound several feet, effectually extinguishing any spark of life which might have remained.

"A most inglorious victory," said Mansfield, returning his ramrod with an impatient jerk; "but the skin is a good one, which is all that can be said in favor of our exploit. And now we had best wend our way homewards, for we are full four miles from camp, and the heat is enough to fry one's brains into an omelette."

"To say nothing of the want of breakfast," continued Charles, whose mouth watered at the very mention of an omelette; "I feel as empty as a kettle-drum, and hungry enough to eat the hind leg of a donkey without salt—*allons, mon Capitaine.*"

"Will the Sahib not kill another bear?" asked the Jaggardar, with a knowing look, as the two young sportsmen were about to move off.

"To be sure we will," exclaimed both the young men in a breath; "if you will only find him for us."

"Kamah can find him," replied the savage, with a confident air. "Follow me."

The Jaggardar spoke thus assuredly, from having remarked that the dead bear was a male, and knowing that if he followed the trail backwards, there was little doubt but it would lead him to the hiding-place of the female and her cubs. As good luck would have it, the trail led them in the direction of the camp, a circumstance which induced our two sportsmen to follow the rapid strides of their leader with considerable alacrity.

After pursuing a tortuous course, through an almost impenetrable jungle, for upwards of a mile, the trail suddenly ceased on the edge of a small muddy stream, the opposite bank of which rose to a considerable height, and was composed of huge splintered masses of rock piled one upon another in wild confusion.

"We are not far from her now," said Mansfield, cocking both barrels of his rifle, and throwing it across his arm, ready to be used at a moment's notice, whilst old Kamah waded across the stream, and hunted about like a hound at fault, in hopes of finding a continuation of the trail amongst the bare rocks; but their bare surface afforded no vestige of foot-marks even to the experienced eye of the savage. The indefatigable Kamah had climbed more than half way up the rocky bank, hunting with the eagerness of a terrier, and poking his nose into every crevice which afforded the slightest probability of concealing a bear, when, on turning the angle of a rock, he suddenly started back, and beckoned with eager gestures for Mansfield to come across.

At this moment a terrific growl was heard; the Juggardar, casting a hasty glance over his shoulder, sprang, without hesitation, from the dizzy height into the bed of the stream, and ere he reached the water, the infuriated bear appeared upon the very ledge of rock which he had quitted, giving vent to her impotent rage in a prolonged roar, and glaring with the malignant eye of a baffled fiend on the intended victim who had so narrowly escaped her jaws. Quick as thought Mansfield discharged his unerring rifle, and the bear, rearing up to her full height, rolled headlong down the rocky steep, falling right over poor Kamah, who had not yet had time to scramble out of the water. The Jaggardar had hardly uttered a yell of astonishment, when he found himself firmly clasped in the deadly embrace of the bear, and felt her hot breath blowing upon his cheek. Twisting his body round with the agility of a wild cat, he avoided the first grasp which she made at his head; and, knowing full well that he had nothing else for it, thrust his naked arm without hesitation between her extended jaws, seizing the root of her tongue with the desperate gripe of a man who is determined that nothing but death shall force him to quit his hold.

A deadly struggle now ensued; the two combatants—each equally savage in his own way—rolling over and over, and struggling like two incarnate fiends in the midst of the muddy stream, now crimsoned by the blood which flowed copiously from the wounded bear. And it was well for the Jaggardar that she was so wounded, else the contest would have been speedily ended. Mansfield stood for some time anxiously watching their movements, with his forefinger resting on the trigger of his rifle, in hopes that some lucky turn might give him an opportunity of firing into the bear; and more than once the weapon was raised to his shoulder, but so quick were their evolutions, that he did not dare to risk a shot. For an instant the shaggy hide of the bear appeared on the surface, and ere it could be well distinguished, its place was supplied by the dusky figure of the savage—his teeth firmly clenched—every sinew in his wiry frame strained almost to cracking—and his blood-shot eyes starting from their sockets, in consequence of the dreadful pressure he endured.

"This will never do," exclaimed Mansfield, hastily throwing down his rifle, and preparing to plunge in the water: but ere he could do so, the blade of old Kamah's hunting-knife was seen to flash brightly in the sun, and next moment he started to his feet with a savage yell of triumph, flourishing the blood-stained weapon round his head, whilst the lifeless body of the bear floated slowly down the stream: he had just withdrawn it from her heart.

London New Monthly Magazine for Nov.

* An exclamation of surprise. † A bear.

THE LOVES OF A GIB.

Eheu fugaces! they were all gone—lawyers, attorneys, and clients, beaux and belles, married and single, young and old, students of love, law, and physic from the discussers of dead men's wisdom, in Alma Mater, to the discussers of dead men's bones in York street—all had vanished, and Dublin cut just such another figure as a school-room in dog-days. It was the middle of the long vacation—the theatre was closed; Dan O'Connell rusticating, like his betters, and the Trades' Union people most indolently and unnaturally quiet, so that a row was not to be got up for love or money. Every one of my acquaintance had departed—some up the Danube, and some up the spout—some gone to navigate the Rhine, and more to "navigate" the rhino, and, to sum the whole, the last new novel was a perfect bore—a combination of circumstances enough to inflict any wretch, condemned like me to remain in town, with a most painful curiosity as to what the deuce he was to do with himself, putting suicide out of the question. In such a mood as this I was one evening snoozing over my tumbler of punch, in the almost noiseless Shades, in the company of the twelve Cæsars, frowning majestically from the walls, and another individual, as luckless as myself, if I was to judge of the presence of a companion from the appearance of a pair of legs which protruded from beneath a mighty volume of smoke, at an adjoining table, when a growling call of "waiter," proceeding from the invisible upper works appertaining to the aforesaid legs, recalled me to some degree of attention, particularly as the voice sounded familiarly to me, though I was by no means able to recognise it. I was not long in suspense, however, for, on his demanding in more articulate tones a bottle of ale, I immediately knew it to be that of poor Fred Mooney, who, when we were both boys, went to the one school with me, and left it to enter college, after which, owing to my own wayward fate, it had never been my fortune to meet him. I might now be mistaken, but the experiment was worth making, so I tried it, and succeeded, and counted myself therein the luckiest man in Dublin. After the preliminary chat which followed our recognition of each other—"Well, Mooney," said I, "you are, I suppose, by this time, a regular *pater familias*, married and settled these ten years—eh!"

"Lord bless you! no," returned he, with a frightful stare—"why should you think so?"

"Why, my good fellow," answered I, "when you left us for college, long ago, you were so inflammable, that every one prophesied you would be married before your first examination was over."

"Ah, but I was cured of all that since," said he, puffing away vigorously, and, methought confusedly, at the cigar, which he had then returned to his lips, as if to hide his embarrassment, and after a few moments continued—"you shall hear, sir, what befel me in that line, and made a bachelor for life of me—excuse my cigar—I'll tell my story all the better for it; after all, it is the true Nepenthe."

"I left old Burke to enter college, you remember, and I had as much notion, Lord help me, of the ordeal by which I was to be initiated into that learned body as I have now about freemasonry. However, after laying in a pretty good stock of sallelon and tea and eggs at my tutor's, with a crowd of others in the same predicament, I proceeded with a heavy heart to the examination hall, and took my place at the end of one of the tables, exactly opposite Dean Swift's picture—poor man, I stared him out of countenance, I am sure. Well, sir, I was not long there until I saw a low-sized, facetious, old gentleman, moving up along the table, stopping with each of the juveniles, and apparently asking questions, and noting down the answers in a book he carried with him; but the occasional titter which accompanied his progress, seemed to say he was about nothing very terrible.

At last he arrived at my next neighbour, a dandyish sort of a chap, endowed with a watch and seals, and other little marks of extra gentility, not forgetting a pretty considerable quantity of assurance.

"What's your name, sir?" said the old gentleman.

Pillelu! thinks I to myself, is it at the catechism you are? (for you must know that I hadn't looked into it for three years before, but once, that my old godfather came to visit us, and I got by heart, with some trouble, my duty towards my neighbour, and repeated it to him; more be token, the good old fellow patted me on the head, and said I was the makings of an honest man, and slipped a guinea into my pocket—but alas for his prophecy—the first thing I bought with it was the Irish Rogues and Rapparees—no great earnest for honesty.)

"Adolphus Straddle," answered the youngster, rather pertly.

The next question set me all to rights touching the catechism; it was, I believe—

"What is your father?"

"A merchant," returned Adolphus.

"Merchants of many kinds there be, sir," said the old gentleman, looking at him very funnily. "May I ask what kind of merchant is your father—what does he sell, sir?"

"He sells—shoes, sir," answered Adolphus, a little confused.

"Humph," said the old gentleman, knowingly, "then, for the sake of brevity, we'll put him down shoemaker," and then proceeded, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of his audience, to put the other necessary questions. At length he finished with the chop-fallen *petit maitre*, and came to me.

"And what's your name, my child!" said he good-humouredly.

"Frederick Mooney, sir," said I, and determined to conciliate him by giving him as little trouble as possible, continued rapidly, "I was sixteen the tenth of last September, and papa is——"

"Easy, now, easy," said the old gentleman, "short-hand wasn't out in my time, so you must give me no more than I'll be able to write—Frederick Mooney—aged sixteen—well, what's that you were going to say about your father—what is he?"

"He has a house and land of his own, sir," said I, "and does nothing."

"More shame for him, then," said the old gentleman, putting down the answer; "and who taught you, my child?"

"Mr Burke, sir," said I, "taught me Latin and Greek, and reading and writing and arithmetic; and mamma taught me to dance, and Father Phillemy taught me——"

"Irish, I'll be bound," said the old gentlemen.

"No, sir," said I, a little disconcerted, "It was French he taught me."

"By my word, then," said he, "between Mr. Burke and your mamma, and Father Phillemy, I would'nt wonder if you'd be a senior lecturer yourself one of these days, if you only mind yourself," and then, having asked me the other remaining questions, to which I gave somewhat more cautious answers, he departed, and left me to the examiners, who followed in quick succession.

That day of anxieties passed over at last, much easier than I expected, and with it the tyranny of birch for ever, for, within the regular time, I was duly admitted a student, and entitled to write myself T. C. D. "in my bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation," a privilege which I can assure you ran little chance of falling into disuse for the first few days after I obtained it. Having notified to my tutor my desire to have rooms in college, I was quickly gratified with the share of a capital suite, in the old square, looking out into the park, and what was still better, I was to have the very prince of chums, young Ned Gordon, from the county Antrim, as dashing a young fellow as ever swigged October, or did the honours of Trinity Sunday. Gordon was at least five years older than I, and his terms were nearly all passed, so that he was not long discovering what an utter spooney his future companion was, but, instead of taking advantage of that, as many others would have done, he generously took me under his protection, and in a short time I was as knowing a gib as ever perambulated that classic abode. But a still greater advantage I derived from Gordon's society was, that he introduced me to most of his town friends, and constantly dragged me, good-humouredly, out of the bashfulness in which I endeavoured once or twice, with characteristic rusticity, to entrench myself. One evening that I was stewing at the syllogisms, in a state of almost hopeless stupidity, I was roused from my reverie by a slap on the shoulder—

"Come, Fred, my man," said Gordon, when I looked up, "I am up to fun to-night, so dress yourself in your best pumps, et cetera, and be moving with me."

This was no unwelcome salutation, so I hastened to obey it, and in a short time turned out as directed. He took me by the arm, and away we sauntered down Nassau-street, into Merrion-square, chatting on various subjects; I endeavoured to fish out of him whither he was leading me, and he as industriously baffling my curiosity, until at length stopping suddenly at the door of a large and fashionable mansion, he turned in, and dragging me with him, before I was able to resist, gave a rap and ring, and committed me beyond recall.

"Gordon! Gordon!" said I, endeavouring, but in vain, to arrest his hand, "what the deuce are you about, or whose house is this!"

"Dear me, Fred," answered he coolly, "I never saw a Gib more fond of ask-

ing foolish questions than you are; this house, I can assure you, is of unimpeachable character, and, moreover, the one in which you and I are going to spend the evening."

"But I wasn't invited—I don't know the people—let me go, Gordon, if you please, I tell you I won't go in," said I, struggling violently to get loose; but before I could accomplish my object, the door was opened by a powdered footman, and my treacherous guide quitting his hold of me, gave me a push in by the back of the neck, which sent me skaiting and pirouetting past the astonished footman, over the marble hall, until, intercepted by the foot of the staircase, I fell with a crash that might have been heard at the garrets. On raising my head, to remonstrate with Gordon, I observed that our party was just then increased by the presence of an old gentleman, in a claret-coloured coat, and countenance of the same, who emerged hastily from a side door, no doubt to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, but much of my dismay was removed by his addressing my companion in rather a friendly tone.

"Well, Mr. Ned," said he, "what freak is this, or who is this young gentlemah you are maltreating?"

"Oh! nothing, sir," answered the other, "but a chum of mine, that I took the liberty to bring with me to-night, and the chap got restive at the door, and wouldn't come in, so I had to take the unceremonious method of compelling him, and that's all. Get up Fred, you Connaught mule, till I introduce you to Mr. Atkinson;" so gathering up my limbs with all possible caution, I gained my feet, and after performing the usual quantum of bows, became one of the worthy gentleman's acquaintances, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where about three score fashionables were already collected, in such a blaze of light and beauty as dazzled me quite for a full half hour after my entrance.

Dancing commenced, and I did my devoirs therein, not in the best humour possible, however, for I had been mated with a little boarding-school giggle, just in her teens; and with all the techiness of incipient viridity, I looked upon my partner as a tacit insult to my consequence—but Gordon's partner—by the Lord George, sir, she was an angel—dark hair, dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, marble forehead—a statue in proportion, and a fawn in graceful movements. Hand me another cigar if you please—I'm getting sentimental, and that won't do.

When that set was over, Gordon advanced to me. "Well, Fred," said he, "I'll make you some amends for that infernal toss you got. Brush up your looks and come with me, and I'll introduce you to the handsomest girl in Dublin." Guessing who he meant, I followed him with alacrity, to where his late partner was sitting alone, on an ottoman. "Mr. Frederick Mooney, T.C.D. my honoured chum, Miss Gordon," said he, on reaching the place. I bowed, and the lady curtseyed; and then, with trembling eagerness, I requested the honour of her hand for the next set; she was fortunately disengaged, and my prayer was granted. I told her the room was very warm, to which she assented, and then asked her a number of silly questions, some of which she answered in the negative and some in the affirmative; but altogether I never before or since found myself at such a loss for small talk; however, I entertained her pretty well until the dance was over, when resigning her to the next fortunate candidate for her hand, I flew in search of Gordon, whom I found just entering into a serious flirtation with my quondam little partner; disengaging him with some difficulty from his pleasant avocation, I commenced—

"My dear Gordon, tell me, is that beautiful creature your sister?"

"Why," said he, laughing, "you wouldn't take her to be old enough for my aunt, would you?"

"Oh! no," answered I, "but I never heard you speak of her."

"So much the more agreeable the surprise," said he. "Ah! Fred, if you knew what a sister she is; but there, go off and get a partner; don't you see Mrs. Atkinson coming over to scold us for idlers; and so saying, he limped off with the denizen of the boarding school, and I, overpowered with emotion, betook myself to a corner of the room, and there, hid from observation, sank into a most delicious reverie, from which the introduction of supper awakened me.

Being firmly determined to do something desperate before I departed—but not finding the needful stamina within me, I made for the decanter, and threw off bumper after bumper of port, until I felt myself up to anything. After supper the music recommenced for waltzing, a species of dance which was quite new to me, but it appeared so simple and so much in unison with the music, that on seeing Miss Gordon unemployed, I took courage, and walked over to her, and I requested she would stand up to waltz with me—after a little reluctance she complied; so placing myself in the position, away we twirled, with the rest of them. Before ten bars more were played, we had it all to ourselves, for my awkwardness rapidly cleared the floor for us. One gentleman and his partner were picked up out of the corner and another out of the fire-place. But still I held on, sir, like another Phaeton, until bang went my fair partner against the musician, who occupied the piano, and thus brought the whole proceedings to a stand still. Sweet creature, not one word of rebuke did she utter—though how she escaped without broken bones after so many collisions, is a mystery to me. But when our gyrations were thus suddenly checked, she laid her hand on my shoulder, turned up her innocent face to mine, and asked with the most perfect simplicity "Do you waltz, Mr. Mooney?"

That was a poser, but I had drank too much port to be easily disconcerted; so steadying myself as well as I could, which, in truth, was no small difficulty, I answered—

"Why, Ma'am, I don't exactly know how; but 'pon my honour, my brains have been in such a whirl since I had the honour of being introduced to you, that I thought it would be quite easy for my heels to follow their example."

She smiled, and my peace was made; but to resume was utterly out of the question, for I was hardly able to stand upright, and, besides, I doubt, if after my candid confession, and the accidents which led to it, I could have prevailed on the fair lady to continue; so, leading her to a seat, I had just commenced a few flowing speeches I had spent part of the night in composing, when I was interrupted by Gordon.

"Come, Fred," said he "the devil's in it if you haven't had tumbling enough for one night; so, go and make your bow to Mrs. Atkinson, and follow me down to the hall, and let us be off before the gates are closed—it's twelve by town already."

Alas, and woe is me! I had to do as I was bid, though I never was more inclined to rebel against College discipline; which Gordon, I suppose, perceiving, he kindly and considerately removed the temptation, by walking off with the lady under his arm.

On making my adieus, I descended to the hall in search of my companion, but he was engaged in such deep and earnest conversation with his sister, that I did not feel at all justified in breaking up the tete-a-tete, so lingered on the stairs unobserved, but unintentionally an observer of all their movements. Some noise, however, disturbed them, the young lady, after suffering my fortunate chum to imprint an ardent brotherly kiss on her cheek, bolted up stairs, nearly capsizing me over the balustrade in her flight.

"What a wife that girl will make," thinks I to myself, on recovering from the jostle she gave me; "the sister who is so adored by such a brother, cannot but be possessed of the most amiable qualities."

All night the fair Emma, for such I learned was her name, was committing wild havoc in my luckless brains, here, there, and every where, according as imagination whisked me about, and I awoke next morning completely saturated with love. I could no longer look on my frolicsome chum as I did formerly—he was the brother of my adored, and I could not help investing him with a portion of that sentimentalism with which I regarded her. The meanest thing about him became possessed of a new and mysterious charm to me—so much so, that I felt an interest even in his old slippers, and, instead of kicking them into the corner, as I was wont, I next morning raised them respectfully, and gently deposited them on our best chair. At last, after many innuendos, which were perfectly unnoticed by Gordon, I fairly broke the ice, and told him I was in love with his sister, and begged his interest and good offices on my behalf. It was but natural, of course, that while I was making such a tender communication, I should hold my eyes on the ground, but when the silence of some moments succeeded, I was not able to bear the suspense, and accordingly looked up to remark what effect my speech had made on him to whom it was addressed. There he sat, with the most comic expression imaginable in his face, staring at me as if I had told him I was in love with the bed-maker; and then emitting a loud roar of laughter, flung his book at my head, kicked the kettle over my shins, and throwing himself on the floor, rolled round and round in convulsions, that Democritus himself might envy. You cannot but understand how awkwardly I was situated by this unexpected result of my confidence, and even to myself, I appeared very foolish during the quarter of an hour in which Gordon continued to indulge himself in his unreasonable amusement; at length, however, after sundry efforts, he found strength to exclaim—

"Oh, Fred! Fred! thou ficklest of gibs, what would the little confectioner in Grafton-street say to this, if she was to hear it?"

"Oh, curse the confectioner in Grafton-street," said I, "you never seem to understand the difference between jest and earnest; I assure you this is no joke."

"Pray excuse me for differing with you on that point," said he; "deuce take me, but it's the best joke I ever heard; and so you'd say yourself, if you knew but all. Is it any harm to ask you how you intend to provide for my little nephews and nieces when they come? What a father of a family you'll make, Fred!"

"You mistake me, Gordon, indeed you do," said I; wishing most cordially, at the same time, that I had held my tongue on the matter. "I am not talking about getting married, at all; I agree with you, it's time enough for that when I am twenty or so; and I am just seventeen now; and in fact it's quite an absurd prejudice to say, that a person isn't as wise at seventeen as ever they'll be. I know I think I am."

"Oh, may the Lord in his mercy forbid, Fred?" ejaculated my incorrigible chum, (casting his eyes up to the ceiling with the most perfect mock piety.) "Come—take a turn with me through Grafton-street, and if you are not as much in love with six different people before you come in, I'll say that Penelope herself was but a Cressida compared to you."

"If you please, Gordon," said I, (feeling a little provoked at his badinage,) "since I have asked you the question, I wish you would give me a serious answer to it."

"Nay, my dear Fred," answered he, "if you are determined to see your folly out, you must only trot off and ask the lady herself."

"Have I your permission to do so?" asked I, determined to have everything fair and straight.

"Indeed you have, Fred," answered he, "and my blessing to boot, so now off with yourself, before you cool on the business; and mind don't look under a single bonnet until you get to the house, or you'll change your mind, and I'll lose a month's fun. Here, would you like the loan of my Ovid's Art of Love, to read on the way; and keep your eyes and your heart from wandering!" But I was determined not to be provoked with him; and to show him that I was in earnest, I took him at his word, and departed—running down stairs with all despatch—quicker indeed in the end than I intended—for before I reached the court I was struck from behind on the back of the head with such force as to send me down by a short cut, head foremost. "We always do that in the North, for luck," exclaimed Gordon, from the lobby above; and then turning into his room, he closed the door, and left me at peace to pursue my journey.

I reached the gate of my paradise, not however without my misgivings and forebodings, to which I would have yielded, but for the ridicule with which Gordon, I knew, would receive me on my return; so I entered—faltered the lady's name to the servant, and was ushered into her presence. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I wouldn't do it over again for a full year of Dan O'Connell's tribute. I am conscious of some minutes passing over me after I entered, during which I was utterly unable to do any thing but stammer; in fact, I was in a state of the most perfect mental hallucination. If possible, she was more beautiful than on the night before; every article of her dress is fixed indelibly on my memory; for during the few minutes I passed in her company her figure was almost branded on my brain; and I doubt if I shall ever see a pink morning gown with composure again. At last, forth came the matter.

"I have called, Miss Gordon—to take the liberty—to beg—you would have the kindness—to excuse me for—taking the liberty—of begging you would be so kind—as to grant me a few minutes' conversation—on a subject." But for the life of me I could get no farther; and, kind hearted creature, she did her best to help me.

"Oh! Mr. Mooney," said she, "I know what you are going to say; pray don't mention it—for I assure you I am not in any degree offended; and I believe no one was seriously hurt—at least I am not—though I must acknowledge you held very hard. Indeed I am afraid I am to blame myself chiefly, as it was probably my endeavor to stop you which occasioned you to go so much astray."

"But, Miss Gordon—my dear Miss Gordon, it's on another subject."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said my immorato.

"Excuse me," said she, blushing to the very roots of her dark tresses—"if I ask whether your giddy chum be not at the bottom of this? he has sent you perhaps to—to—pray go on Mr. Mooney."

"Yes madam," said I; delighted to perceive she was beginning to take notice—"Mr. Gordon and I have already talked the matter over."

"Upon my word, then," said she, as decidedly bothered as I had been a few minutes before, "he should be well punished for his indiscretion—and pray what did he say?"

"He has given me full permission, ma'am, to—"

"To do what, Mr. Mooney, in heaven's name."

"Declare my unalterable affection for the most lovely of her sex—Oh Miss Gordon, Miss Gordon!"—and I sank on my knees before her, and grasped the white hand that dropped powerless by my side, at my declaration—which she, in disregard of all the rules ever observed in similar cases, to my utter astonishment, snatched away with such violence, as sent me sprawling on my face at her feet.

"Did you not say, sir," thundered she with a strong northern accent, "that your friend, Mr. Gordon, was a party to this?"

"'Pon my honor, ma'am, yes," exclaimed I, restoring myself to the perpendicular, and gazing on her with silent surprise, not to say terror.

"Then, sir," continued she as before, "let neither him or you dare ever to address me again,"—and bursting into an uncontrollable fit of tears she rushed from the room, very like a young lady in a passion. There was a real antithesis in a small family; what set the brother laughing, set the sister weeping; and to tell you nothing but the truth, it puzzled me beyond comparison. I might easily tell you now, that I thought this, or I thought that—but by the Lord George, sir, I wasn't able to think any thing; and I know no more than a drunken man how I managed to get to my rooms. When my consciousness returned, I caught myself recounting the whole of this strange transaction to Gordon, who, though he began with roars of laughter, turned red and pale twenty times alternately, before I reached the conclusion; and then snatching up his hat, gave evident demonstration of his intention of taking the air.

"You are going to Merrion-square, Gordon," said I.

"I am," answered he, in a hollow, joyless tone.

"Then I trust you intend putting my suit in its proper light," continued I.

"Oh, to the d——l with you and your suit!" exclaimed the young gentleman, impatiently; "you have ruined me by your absurdity;" and so saying, he exit made—left me alone; but alas, with my glory. If you please, we'll skip the occurrences of that night, and all I hoped, and feared, and wished, and intended, and conjectured, and dreamed until I awoke next morning, and found a note from Gordon on my table; at first I thought it was a challenge, but no—let me see how it ran:—

"Dear Fred,—I am happy to say your peace and mine is made—you must learn to do without me for a few days, as before you see this I shall be on my road to Gretna Green with the future Mrs. Gordon, whither you may follow me as soon as you can get a companion. As soon as you can, pray call on my poor sister and console with her on the step I have taken, as I am afraid it will fret her, poor thing; grief is soft, you know, so this opportunity may be the making of your fortune. Excuse my roughness on yesterday, and believe me your ever attached "EDWARD GORDON."

Poor fellow, then he was kind after all, and even amid such heavy concernments of his own had taken time to think of mine; but it puzzled me in no slight degree to discover what unhappy female he had prevailed on to wander so far north in such conspicuous company. One after another I fixed on all the girls of our mutual acquaintance, young and old, but without at all satisfying my curiosity. In such profound secrecy had he carried on his affair, my little friend of the boarding school appearing his most probable partner, though even with her he had scarcely passed the limits of ordinary and legitimate flirtation. So, compelling myself to be content with this hypothesis, I turned to my own serious business, and set off on my mission of condolence to sympathise with the fair mourner in Merrion-square. The first person I saw was Mr. Atkinson, though when I asked for Miss Gordon, the skip of a footman grinned at me, and went off, as he said, to inquire if she was at home. The poor old gentleman looked so angry and confused that I immediately perceived he had by some means become aware of my friend's present interesting occupation, so I opened the business.

"Sad affair, this, Mr. Atkinson."

"Good morning, sir; good morning. Sad affair, indeed; and I conceive I have been very badly treated in it—but it's no matter—pooh—not the slightest matter in the world; and why the deuce do I let it fret me so?—have you breakfasted, sir?"

"Thank you, long since."

"But, my dear sir, do you know who the young lady is for whose society our friend has deserted us?"

"His own cousin, sir—no less I assure you—his own first cousin—his cousin german, sir—his father's brother's daughter sir; oh, if I had the minx now by the two ears, I'd cure her of her love fit, I warrant."

"I had a note from him this morning, sir, in which he directed me to call on his sister and deliver a message to her—can I see her for that purpose?"

"Sister, sir! I'm sorry to tell you the scapegrace is

'All the sisters of his father's house
And all its brothers too.'

"as Shakespeare says, for which I am especially sorry; if it were otherwise, his worthy father might have some excuse for cutting him off with a shilling for his disobedience. The fellow made a fool of you sir—he never had a sister."

Never had a sister!—the words actually stunned me—"Put that and that together, master Fred," said Father Philemy one day, when explaining some knotty point to me, and by applying the funny old fellow's advice to the present occasion, I began to arrive at certain conclusions highly derogatory to the candour of Mr. Edward Gordon or the discernment of his chum; but suspense on such a point was intolerable—so out I faltered.

"And the lady sir, whom I met here—Miss Gordon—who was she sir?"

"Why, what the devil did you take her to be, sir—not his sister, I hope—ho, ho—I see it all now; by all that's beautiful, he has made a fool of you as well as the rest of us! That young lady, sir! why the only direction I can give you as to her present locality would be, wind and weather permitting, to about the middle of the Irish channel, bound on a wildgoose chase for matrimonial happiness with a cub of one and twenty; but as you seem to be in the babyhouse, I shall explain to you the whole matter, of which you appear to be entirely ignorant. By all accounts Mr. Edward Gordon and his cousin, Miss Emma Gordon were a very precocious couple, they having expressed their mutual affection when the former was of the tender age of ten, and the latter nine years; it was a capital joke then; but it was altogether another affair when their ages were sixteen in the one case and fifteen in the other; so at that age, your friend was sent to college, and as much as possible debarred from any interview, or communication with the object of his affections, it by no means meeting the wishes of their parents that so nonsensical an arrangement should ever be permitted to ripen into any thing serious. Matters were in this train, sir, up to the present, when, on an invitation of my wife's the young lady was permitted to pay a visit to us and the metropolis with the strictest injunction to keep clear of her inflammable cousin, a command which she obeyed pretty well, all things considered; until, like an egregious old fool, I threw temptation in her way by inviting the swain to meet a few friends here the night before last, when you were so good as to accompany him; and indeed they both behaved themselves so remarkably well and discreetly that I relaxed a good deal of my vigilance." (I sighed bitterly when I recollected the encounter in the hall; but he didn't mind me, and proceeded.) "Yesterday while I was from home, it appears that he took advantage of my absence, and called; but she was at first sight dutiful enough to refuse to see him. I'll do her justice, you see; and indeed she continued inflexible, until he bribed the chamber maid: and so broke down the foolish girl's determination. I found a note from the fair runaway this morning, apologising, and making all pretty explanations, and ending by hoping I would influence their parents to forgive them. I believe they intend to return this way, but may I be * * * * * if I speak one word to them!"

"Ditto," said I internally; but neither of us kept our vow: for before that day fortnight the worthy old gentleman handed the fair and blushing bride out of the steamer, and on Wednesday next I'm to be at the christening of her sixth child. *Apropos*—there's a sister of the lady fair to take a part in the ceremony—they say she's pretty, and all that; but what the deuce is it to me when I've made a resolution to live and die a bachelor."

He die a bachelor!—the Lord forgive him for lying, he was married to her within a month after, *teste meipso*, and thus stood between me and the blue devils for the rest of the season.

HAMLET EXPOSED.

In a very masterly article, which appears in Leigh Hunt's *Monthly Repository*, under the head of "Remarks on Mr. Horne's Tragedy of *Cosmo de Mediat*," there occurs incidentally the following grave-faced touch of rich satire.—It is a critique on *Hamlet* in the style of modern criticism, the author being supposed alive, and to have just published his play.

"REMARKS ON MR. SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

"We have carefully read through Mr. Shakspeare's tragedy of *Hamlet*, and declare it to be the most incomprehensible compound, that it has ever been our lot to peruse. We much doubt if the author himself knows what he would be at. Most certainly its title ought to be not *Hamlet* but the *Ghost*. The Ghost is an active, energetic, straight forward sort of personage, who knows what he wants, and sets about getting it in the best way he can. As to Hamlet, he never forwards the matter a single inch. He makes, it is true, the most desperate resolutions; but nothing comes of them. So little does he even *feel* that anything important is to be done, that almost the first words he utters, after hearing the poor Ghost's pitiful story, are, "Hillo ho, boy! come bird, come!" and soon after he calls the Ghost (his father too) an 'old mole!' Then, whether he is meant to be mad or in his senses, is quite doubtful; this, however, is certain, that whether one or the other, his behaviour is equally inconsistent. He never does anything to get his revenge. He absolutely suffers himself to be shipped off for England, and it is by mere accident that he ever returns; and at the end the stage is strewed with dead bodies, more through a sort of game at cross purposes than anything else! Meantime he has behaved dishonorably to a very sweet, though rather a milk-and-water sort of girl, called Ophelia, whom he had pretended once to be in love with, and stabbed her father, a very respectable gentlemanly man, for no reason that we can see, except that he made a noise like a rat. His dragging the dead body by the foot, and the disgusting way in which he talks about it, would, we are convinced, revolt the well-regulated minds of a British audience; and we shall not pollute our pages by quoting any of it.

"We have anxiously searched for beauties; but they are few and far between. The king certainly makes some good remarks on remorse, and the queen's appeal to the filial affections of Hamlet have a moral effect. Laertes, too, shows proper spirit about his father's murder, and is altogether the best sustained and most dramatic character of the piece. As to Hamlet's long-winded soliloquies, they are full of quaint conceits, and are often perfectly unintelligible. What, for example, can be said to a speech commencing—"To be, or not to be; that is the question?" How can any one decide such a question as what it would be, *not* to be? If Mr. Shakspeare can inform us, we at least should *be* much indebted to him. Then what can be said for the introduction of a set of clowns digging a grave; or the scene of ranting grief from Hamlet about the death of the poor girl, of which, besides, he was the sole cause, and for which he cares so little that he goes directly afterwards to a fencing match! But—criticism is wasted on this tissue of absurdities.

"We take our leave of Mr. Shakspeare, heartily recommending him to seek some other employment for his time, and to leave Melpomene to natures fitly organised to receive her divine influences. But why do we mention Melpomene? Where is she? Where are the bards of elder time—the giants of the drama—the demi-gods of literature, &c?"

All this is truly admirable, and only to be equalled by the seriously intended criticisms of Mr. Rymer, in his considerations and examinations of Shakspeare, "upon the principles of common sense." Rymer's attacks, however, display, as the "Retrospective Review" observes, "at least an honest, unsophisticated hatred, which is better than the maudlin admiration of Shakspeare, expressed by those who were deluded by Ireland's forgeries." The present number of the "Monthly Repository" does great credit to Mr. Leigh Hunt's editorial tact and fine discrimination.

THE MILITARY DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.—When at the head of the army in Germany, he was particularly struck with the ability and valor displayed by a serjeant belonging to his own regiment. Having often noticed the gallantry, and made inquiries into the private character of the man, his Royal Highness took occasion, on an explo[illegible] performed by him, to give him a lieutenancy. Some time afterwards, this person so favored entreated his Royal patron to take back the commission, and restore him to his former station. Surprised at so extraordinary a request, the Duke demanded the reason, and was told by the applicant that he was now separated from his old companions by his elevation, and could not gain admittance into the society of his brother officers, who considered themselves as degraded by his appointment. "Oh! is that the case?" said the Prince; "let the matter rest, and I will soon find a way to give you satisfaction." The next morning his Royal Highness went on the parade, where he was received by a circle of officers. While in conversation, he perceived the lieutenant walking by himself. On this the Duke said, "Pray, gentlemen, what has that officer done that he should be drummed out of your councils?" Without deigning to wait for an answer, he went up and took the lieutenant by the arm, and in that posture of familiarity walked up and down the lines, followed with all humility by the whole staff, much to their own mortification, and the amusement of the privates. When the parade was over, Lord Ligonier respectfully requested that his Royal Highness would honor the mess with his presence that day. "With all my heart," replied the Duke, "provided I bring my friend here with me." His Lordship bowed and said, "I hope so." After this, no one presumed to treat the Duke's friend with contemp, but on the contrary, all seemed eager to seek his acquaintance. He rose to the rank of General; and, with more gratitude than taste, erected the gilded equestrian statue of his patron which stands in Cavendish-square.

Novels vs. *Tragedies.*—There is nothing (says the author in the preface to a just published tragedy, "The Cenisbeo,") which the public takes delight in suffering to fall still-born from the press so much as a tragedy by an anonymous author; and the performance of a drama now-a-days, if it be not professedly the work of some popular writer, seldom attracts persons who are not either regular critics or indiscriminate play-goers; yet there never was published a novel or a romance but met with at least its two or three hundred readers. This is partly attributable to the very excusable disinclination which most men have to make the mental effort required in the perusal of a tragedy, when an adequate reward in excitement or amusement of some sort is expected as a certainty. A novel is easily read, and is certain to afford amusement of some sort. A tragedy, on the contrary, requires in the reader a considerable exertion of the imagination, and makes large demands upon the attention; it is yet—although if it be very excellent it may give excitement and delight of the highest character—by no means certain of affording a little of the present description of enjoyment. The almost universal prejudice entertained against modern dramatic publications may also be referred to the suspicion, of which it is almost impossible to divest oneself, that the writer has for his immediate object, instead of the amusement or instruction of his fellows, the excitement of their admiration—that he has been urged to the performance by the greedy desire to obtain, as, if successful, he is certain to do, the greatest possible celebrity with the least possible labor.

Pugilists.—It has been disputed whether pugilists are really brave men or not. Among the Liberators we had many professional bruisers, and on this day (16th September, 1832) I saw an instance of sheer cowardice in one of them. He pretended to be drunk and did not advance. He was a very strong man. I was in a fury with him; I seized him by the collar, put my sword to his mouth, threatening to run him through if he did not advance; at length he came forward like a lamb, totally powerless from terror. This evening, to accustom him to shoot, I placed him as the most exposed sentry; but he was incurable. On the 17th of November, when the enemy had driven us sharply in, and I had formed the men behind a wall, to stop their advance, they kept up a very hot fire on this spot. Two of my fellows, close together, were firing over this wall, when the powder of the touch-hole of the firelock of the one hurt the cheek of the other, who gave him a blow for it. In a moment down went their firelocks, off went their accoutrements, and a regular pugilistic encounter commenced. I tried to separate them by hitting them with the flat of my sword, but it was of no use, and the firing being very hot, I left them. Shaw's War in Spain.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1837.

English Sporting News.—The *Europe*, the Liverpool packet of the 1st Nov., has at last arrived, having been detained by a succession of gales for three weeks off the Banks. She brings our magazines and usual files for the month. The magazines appear full of good things,—particularly the Sporting ones. No further details relating to the sale of the Hampton Court Stud. The sporting editors continue to think the prices brought very high.

On the sixth page of this paper our readers will find the Newmarket Houghton, and the York October Meetings reported. They are about the last English races of the season, the Worcester and the Hippodrome alone remaining. For some months the English magazines will be devoted to a new class of subjects. Many will be happy to learn that Mr. JORROCKS has not ceased from his labors as a Lecturer, and in a few weeks we shall give Lecture No. 2 of the distinguished Professor, upon "'unting, and the condition and stable management of 'osses."

We have London dates as late as the 10th ult., but nothing "in our line" can we find in them.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

We were vexed at not receiving a report of the late important races at Augusta in due time, and censured our agent, but, as it turns out, unjustly. His report was duly mailed the 10th inst. at Augusta, and bears the post-mark of that date, by Express Mail, and postage paid. It reached New York the 26th inst., in lieu of the 14th or 15th, only eleven or twelve days behind time! It had evidently been compelled to swim divers creeks and inlets, for it came to us wet, mouldy, and musty, and heavy enough to excite suspicions of "eelskins" contained within its folds. We need not say that the suspicions were entirely groundless.

While upon mails, we will just allude to another most pleasing incident in this department of the service. After the receipt of the Express Mail from New Orleans of the 14th inst., (which arrived the 22d, one day after its proper time,) no express from that city reached here till the 27th, an interval of five days, and then came on together the mails of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th. But this is not the worst of the business,—the mail of the 15th has not yet turned up at all, and in our own case, that indentical mail was most devoutly prayed for. The confusion that such irregularity occasions to those who are compelled to make constant use of this mail is to the last degree annoying. And this irregularity would seem to occur principally between New Orleans and Mobile cities, some twenty hours' travel apart. If no other mode can be contrived, we advise the instant formation of a line of contractors on that route, in the manner of country villagers at a fire, that the mail be passed on from hand to hand, like leathern fire-buckets.

But seriously, the confusion which is constantly occurring on that particular route demands instant attention, and a prompt remedy.

Destination of the Horses comprising the Royal Stud.

The Colonel remains here at least for the present. He was bought by Mr. Tattersall; it is understood, for himself. But this is almost the only great preservation upon which we have to congratulate the country.

A notion has got abroad that the Colonel is a wild ungovernable horse, of very bad temper, but nothing can be more erroneous. To his trainers he is mild and tractable, though unquestionably, if any one injures or offends him, he is in the habit of remembering and resenting it. As soon as it became known that his cloths were off, and that he was in the yard before his box, a rush was made to the gate from which he was to enter into the paddock, and the walls were crowded with individuals, whose eagerness to see the gallant steed could no longer be suppressed. A dense crowd was also pressing against the gate, but no sooner was the gate opened, than the rapidity with which the members of it retreated before the Colonel, was perfectly astounding. At every step he cleared the ground around him, and as he came in front of Mr. Tattersall's rostrum, it was delightful to see the vast circle which he cleared for himself amid the admiring spectators. Nothing could be more magnificent than his appearance; it was a wonderful combination of strength and speed, and power, and every man present felt that it would be a loss to the country if such a horse were allowed to leave it. He is indeed a perfect realization of Virgil's picture of the charger:—

"Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
"Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.
"Densa juba, et dextro jactata recumbit in armo.
"At duplex agitur per lumbos spina: cavatque
"Tellurem, et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu."

The first bidding for this matchless creature, 1,050 guineas; then 1,150; then 1,250; then, without a pause, 1,350; then, a slight pause, 1,450; then, after a minute's time, Mr. Tattersall bade 1,550; and then, after another minute's time had fully elapsed, the hammer fell, and he became the auctioneer's own property. It is considered a cheap purchase by those who recollect that George IV. gave 4,000*l.* for him to Mr. Riddell, some years ago. He is now 11 years old, and from the numerous races won by his stock during the last and present year, is considered a most valuable stallion.

The Eastern princely presents to our Kings leave England. The black Arabian horse goes to Germany; the bay Arabian, to France; the three grey Arabian mares also, it is said, go abroad.

Actæon goes to Germany—one report says to Russia, for the Emperor; the celebrated mares, Fleur-de-Lis, Wings, and Young Mouse, go to France—it is believed, for the King of the French. The remarkably fine old mare, by Oscar, we are also told, leaves the kingdom.

Those scarcely less famous mares, Rachel, Sarah, Locket, La Danseuse, Elizabeth, Black Daphne, and Miss Clifton, go to France, Germany, and Spain.—Eight, equally fine, came to town on Friday afternoon, for France—they could not possibly be better, and were all forward in foal.

The bay colt, by Glencoe, out of Shortwaist; the brown colt, by The Colonel, out of the first Arabian mare; and the bay filly, by The Colonel, out of Young Espagnolle; and others too numerous to name, all go abroad.

Of the whole Stud, The Colonel obtained the highest price—1550 guineas;—Nanine, the largest sum of the mares—970 guineas; and the highest priced yearling was bought by Lord Chesterfield, at 210 guineas—it was a brown colt by The Colonel, out of Black Daphne.

A chesnut mare, by Oscar, sold well at 670 guineas, whilst Fleur-de-Lis, said to be the prettiest mare in England, and which, some years ago, cost 1500 guineas, went sadly below its proper value, at 550. Wings, which owes much of its reputation to being the dam of Caravan, and to being covered by Actæon and Camel, fetched its full worth when sold at 600 guineas. Maria, notwithstanding the notoriety of her being the favorite of George IV., did not sell for more than 170 guineas, while Black Daphne, in spite of Hooke's pun upon her, did not reach more than 190. Belvoirina, a mare reared by the Duke of Rutland, and the oldest of all the royal brood mares, was transferred with the recollection of her past merits, into the hands of a common dealer, for the trifling sum of 55 guineas; and yet it is impossible to say that the brood mares did not sell well, for I am informed that, with one exception, they all fetched more money than they cost—a decisive proof of the excellent judgment shown in their selection. The sum produced by the sale of these mares was 9,568 guineas.

The entire sale has produced to the representatives of his late majesty, the sum of 15,782 guineas.

It is currently reported that his late majesty, during his life-time, wished the country to take the Stud which has just been sold, upon a valuation, and that since his death his executors offered to transfer it to her present majesty for 16,000*l.* If this story be true, they must have formed a very just judgment of its value, as the sale by auction has produced little more than that sum. The bargain, therefore, would not have been a bad bargain for the country, even in a pecuniary point of view, whilst a means of improving our breed of horses, and especially of our cavalry horses, to whose superior strength and power the French cuirassiers owed their defeat at Waterloo, it would have been almost inestimable.

Among the foreigners of distinction on the ground, was Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain. Late London Paper.

☞ Who wishes to purchase a fine brood mare? We hear that Farmer's Damsel may be had at a reasonable price. Her produce, as well as that of her dam, are entered in the great $44,000 Sweepstakes over the Union Course, next Spring. Application should be made to Mr. J. J. ABELL, Jefferson County, Va Farmer's Damsel is now stinted to Imp. Felt.

The most suitable and worthy book, for a New Year's present to a lady of taste, that we have seen, is The Works of Charles Lamb, with his life and letters, edited by Serjeant Talfourd. The work is published in two volumes octavo, by the Harpers, and in the most sumptuous style. For gayer literary bonbons, see Colman's stock. It is most extensive, and the richest collection in the country, in works of art et id genus omne.

EPSOM RACES.—A match is to be run over the Derby Course, the last day, for 500 a-side, between the produce of Lord G. Bentinck's Camarine, covered by Bay Middleton, and the produce of Mr. Theobald's Datura's dam, covered by Rockingham, when 3 years old; 8st. 7lb. each.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Lafayette Course*, commenced on Tuesday, 5th Dec., 1837, under very unfavorable auspices; the weather miserable, occasioned by rains, which continued the week, and made the track extremely heavy, and no doubt prevented many strangers from attending. The following gentlemen compose the Officers of the Club for 1837:—

President, Col. PAUL FITZSIMMONS; Vice President, Dr. MCWHORTER; Secretary, SAMUEL THOMPSON Esq.; Treasurer, THOS. J. WALTON, Esq. Timers, Col. John Crowell and John G. Winter, Esq. Stewards, Harrison Musgrove, A. Cummings, Samuel Bones, L. M. Holiday, Wm. Eve, and James M. Dye, Esqrs.

MONDAY, Dec. 4, 1837—Match, $5,000 a-side, $1,000 ft., Two mile heats.

M. L. Hammond's ch c. *Gerow*, by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs., received forfeit from G. Edmondson's *Charlotte Barnes*, same age

TUESDAY, Dec. 5—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 96lbs., fillies 93lbs. Six subs. at $300 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Col. [illegible]ade Hampton's f. *Emily* (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Elizabeth	1	1
L. Lovell's ch. c. *John Guedron*, by Old Bertrand, dam by Percussion	2	2

Time, 3:52—3:56.

Emily was the favorite 2 to 1 She took the lead in both heats, was never headed, and won with great ease.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 6—Purse $400, ent. $15; free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above—1, 102—5, 112—6, 117—and aged 126lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmondson's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..	0	1	2	1
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Kitty Heth*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs..	3	2	3	2
Morrison & Harrison's b. c. *Southerner*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen, 4 yrs	0	3	1	3
Col. John J. H. Adams' gr. c. *Leiber*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs..	dist.			
Col. W. Edings' b. h. *Cowper*, by Medley, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs	dist.			

Time, 3:55—3:59—4.02—4:06.

Kitty was the favorite at starting against the field—the betting was, however, principally between her and Turnbull, at $100 to $75 that she would beat him. At the tap of the drum they all got off well together, Kitty leading, with Turnbull at her heels, Southerner and the rest close up. They maintained this position for the first mile, when Turnbull made an effort, and succeeded in passing Kitty, and was followed by Southerner, when a severe contest ensued between the two, under whip and spur all the way, as they entered the quarter stretch lock and lock, and when they reached the stand, the Judges were unable to decide, so declared it a dead heat, Kitty just saved her distance, and the rest were distanced.

Second Heat.—Kitty Heth was now more than ever the favorite, from the fact of the dead heat, for they considered this all in her favor. At the signal they all went off well together, Kitty leading again, with Turnbull closely after. They kept in this manner until they entered down the quarter stretch, when Turnbull passed her, and came in about a length a head.

Third Heat.—Kitty led again, but was soon overtaken and passed by Southerner, which position they kept throughout, and won the heat by about two lengths.

Fourth Heat.—This heat was very closely contested between Turnbull and Kitty Heth, which resulted in the former taking the heat by about three lengths.

THURSDAY, Dec. 7—Purse $700, ent. $20. $200 given to the second best horse, free for all ages; weights as before Three mile heats.

Capt. D. Rowe's b m. *Leannah*, by Seagull, dam by Whipster, 5 yrs	2	3	1	1
Morrison & Harrison's gr. m. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.	4	1	2	2
Col. John Crowell's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Sir Charles, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	1	2	3	3
Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Milwaukie*, by Bertrand—Rowena by Sumpter, 3 yrs	5	5	4	*
G. Edmondson's ch. f. *Ione*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs..	3	4	dist.	

Time, 6.03—6.03—6:01—6.06. * Ruled out.

This was a splendid race and desperately contested. Milwaukie was the favorite at starting. Leannah led, with Ione at her heels. They kept in this position for about a mile, when Gerow began to creep upon them, passed them in the back stretch of the 2d mile, and kept the lead to the end, winning the heat by a length.

Second heat.—Gerow was now backed pretty freely against the field. They went off well, Gerow a little in advance. After some passing and re-passing between Gerow and Leannah, Sally Vandyke took him in hand, when a very exciting contest ensued between them, lock and lock, until they entered the quarter stretch of the last mile, when Sally shook him off, and came in two lengths a-head.

Third heat.—In consequence of the rider of Leannah being over weight, her owner was induced to change her jockey. At the word they all went off together, Sally and Gerow going at it from the start, with Leannah stealing gradually towards them. In the back stretch of the 3d mile Leannah and Sally made play, and went at a tremendous rate; but Leannah proved too much for her, and won the heat by three lengths.

Fourth heat.—This heat was closely contested throughout, and resulted in favor of Leannah.

FRIDAY, Dec. 8—Purse $1500, ent. $25, $500 given to the second best horse; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. *Charlotte Russe*, by Sir Cearles, dam by Cicero, 4 yrs..	1	1
Harrison & Morrison's gr. c. *Kite*, by Mucklejohn, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs	3	2
Capt. D. Rowe's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 5 yrs	4	3
J. H. Adams' ch. g *Big John*, by Old Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 8:05—8.01. Track fetlock deep.

Kite had the lead at starting, but was instantly passed by Charlotte Russe and Big John, who kept together for about three miles, Charlotte under a hard pull, and John doing the best he was able. They kept their relative positions until entering the quarter stretch, when Charlotte quickened her pace a little, and won the heat by about two lengths.

Second heat.—Charlotte took the lead, and was never headed, winning with great ease under a hard pull.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, ent. $10, added; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Mr. Newberry's gr. h. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a luck, aged	1	1
W. Garrett's b. h. by Jackson, dam omitted, 5 yrs	4	2
J. Morrison's b. f. *Lady Crockett*, by Falstaff, dam omitted, 4 yrs	2	3
Mr. Smith's b. m. *Sally*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Hornet, 5 yrs	3	4

Time, 1:55—1:59.

SATURDAY, Dec. 9—Purse $400, ent. $10; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. N. Wilson's ch. f. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.	2	2	1	1	1
G. Edmondson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Old Gallatin, 3 yrs...	1	1	2	2	2
Col. John Crowell's f. *Ectipsea*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs	4	3	3	4	3
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. m. *Gabriella*, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs.	3	4	4	3	4

Time, 1.52—1:52—1:56—1:58—1.57.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $700 a-side, One mile out.

Charles Swan's b. g. *Cowdriver*, pedigree omitted, aged	1
J. Peay's ch. h. ——, pedigree and age omitted	2

Time, 1:52.

FRANKLIN, TENN., Dec. 16, 1837.

MR. P.—Presuming you would like to hear something of our favorite, the Imp. Luzborough, this will inform you that one fourth of him has been sold to Dr. A. WHITLOCK, of Limestone county, North Alabama, at a high figure, for the benefit of the high-minded and liberal breeders of that State. His colts here surpass all others, and are commanding much higher prices than the get of any other horse. What do you think of four sucklings from one gentleman's stud, at $1000 each, of ready stuff itself, and two of Mr. BATEMAN'S, at $1500 each. Then there is Mr. H. BALDWIN'S Edinborough, without his engagement, only one year old, for whom $2000 has been repeatedly refused. Luzborough, take him and his get, *all in all*, we may fear his equal cannot be found on our continent. His location is a very judicious one, and under the control of his new owner, cannot fail to do well, as he must necessarily do under any circumstances, in any quarter. He is 18 years old next Spring, and is now as vigorous and playful as a colt, having more spirit, beauty, and corresponding symmetry than any horse I ever saw. We part with him reluctantly, I assure you, although we had his services for three years; yet we will follow him *further*, with much assurance that he will reward us again. He will make his next season at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlock, Limestone Co., North Alabama.

I am, with high respect, A BREEDER AND SUBSCRIBER.

The Mirror of this week contains a superb engraving of Washington Irving, by G. Parker, from a painting by G. S. Newton, Esq., R.A. The four heads of American Poets, which the Mirror has now published, viz., Bryant, Irving, Halleck, and Willis, have been executed in the first style of art, and are acknowledged likenesses. They are richly worth the price of subscription to that paper. In to-day's number we are happy to perceive that Mr. Willis has set to work again.

[For the New York Spirit of the Times.]

A PANTHER HUNT ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

There is nothing in life that so soon warms the heart, or calls the noblest feelings of our nature into full play, as *hunting*. Speak of love,—the charms of a wedded life,—a cheerful fire-side—with the usual incumbrance of a half dozen of squalling children—as the acme of happiness;—why, to such who prefer that state I would say, "Marry, in God's name, and fulfil the scriptural injunction,—'increase and multiply;'" but as for me! give me my dog and gun, a clear October morning, and place me on the "Blue Ridge," and I will envy the life of no poor demented creature, who has been silly enough to prefer a *wife* to his *gun!*

While writing this sketch, I am neither one day more nor one day less than sixty-one years of age, and am neither married, nor intend to be. Perhaps my readers will not think it very strange that I should have no inclination to marry at my time of life; but I would say, it arises from no coldness of the heart. By Nimrod! my blood warms even at this day when I think of the entangled copse,—the terrific growl,—the levelled rifle—but I will not anticipate.

My dear reader,—to *you* I speak,—let me set you right on one point, and at the same time make an assertion:—*you* know nothing at all about hunting,—you don't know the definition of the term, Walker, Webster, and Johnson to the contrary, notwithstanding. You may know what *shooting* is—nothing more.—Ride some twenty miles in some three hours, *over* some score of fences, *into* some dozen brooks, *through* some valuable corn-fields, with the loss of the usual quantity of heads, arms, and legs, and fifty-two quadrupeds, and half as many bipeds, astride of the same number of quadrupeds—(*i. e.* the half of 52; pardon the tautology)—concerned in the chase, and then the death of a—fox! Lord bless my heart! what stuff this world is made of! Again:—19 birds out of 20, from the trap, at 60 yards; sitting on a bank the best part of a day, and return with *two* fishes, half-a-pound each, in a basket that will hold as many hundred. Bah! (Mr. Editor, a query:—Don't you think Job possessed the requisite qualifications for an angler?) This is called sport; but such sport is only fitted for those who have not the nerve to beard the lion in his den, to resist the spotted leopard in his onward charge, and gaze with clear and calculating eye from the precipitous cliff, and remain in the attitude of man in face of the forked lightnings, and shrink not from the crash of thunder, or the falling avalanche. Do this, and *you* are a hunter.

If I should be guilty of an occasional digression, you must forgive me: in fact, I shall assume the privilege on account of age;—

"The head and front of my offending
Shall have this extent—no more."

I was born a hunter, I have lived a hunter, and I will die a hunter. When I think of my young days, a mingled feeling of joy and pain shoots through my heart; joy at what I *have* done, pain that I can do so no more. Mr. Editor, I here must indulge in a mental soliloquy: call this digression No. 1.

O! that I could once again possess those youthful limbs, the eye, clear from the gross film of time, the arm, free from the palsied touch of age, ascending the frowning summit of the mountain, or diving into the recesses of the cave, and my ear detect the low and startling growl of the panther, and hear the sharp crack of the unerring rifle; could I once more realize all this, I would cheerfully surrender up my life into the hands of HIM who gave, and sink willingly and silently into the grave. (Can't you detect a *piece* of poetry in the two preceding lines?—I never was guilty of making poetry before in my life.) But——

From that monosyllable *but*, you must think I am at last going to say something, which I shall do at once, and commence my subject, which forms the head and *tail* (and *tale*) of this article—"A PANTHER HUNT ON THE BLUE RIDGE."

Though it is upwards of thirty years since the event I am about relating happened, the circumstance remains in as vivid colors on my memory as if it was only yesterday. It was at that period I formed some of my most valuable acquaintances, and enjoyed some of the happiest moments of my life. On the day of my first excursion to the Blue Ridge, an event occurred that marred the pleasure we otherwise would have experienced. My heart sickens at the recollection; but there is no real enjoyment without peril. We naturally throw ourselves into the way of danger, for in proportion to the hazard, in like manner we realize our share of pleasure.

It has been my good fortune to be so situated in life, as to be able to go wherever my inclination led me. I have hunted from Nova Zembla to the southernmost part of Africa, but never have I met with sport in its most exciting form, or scenery of the most perfect sublimity, save on the Blue Ridge and the Alleganies. There, the scenery, blending with the bracing air of the climate, produce feelings, known and appreciated only by the hunter.

In the autumn of 18— I had been travelling over a great part of Virginia, and passing across the Blue Ridge, I stopped a day or two at a small settlement called W——, where I soon became acquainted with the greater part of its settlers, among whom was Mr. Daniel Moreland, a gentleman who possessed a considerable tract of land, which gave to him some importance with the good people, who invested him forthwith with the formidable title of Squire. He was the very *beau ideal* of an old Virginia farmer: kind, hospitable, and independent; fond of his country, fonder of his wife, and still more fond of his son, and fond of everything. His son, about twenty-three years of age at the time, was a hunter in the broadest acceptation of the term. He never moved out of the house without his gun; if he did not sleep with it, it lay by his bedside; and when he ate—why, if needs be, *it* ate too. I will not occupy the reader's time by describing this youth, otherwise than by stating that he was the very picture of health and activity. He was tall and well-made, compact in every limb; there was not one ounce of superfluous flesh about him: all was muscle and sinew. With nothing but his dogs and gun, he would be out for days, scouring the mazy forest, or the precipitous mountains, knowing neither fatigue nor care. He was a high-spirited fellow, incapable of restraint, impetuous in the extreme, but generous and humane. He was the life and soul of every party for ten miles round. As a hunter, whether for his unerring aim, or reckless daring, he was the admiration of both young and old.

Wishing to be at Charlottesville on a particular day, I left W——, much to the regret of Ralph, who wished me to accompany him on an excursion to the Blue Ridge, which, he assured me, was living with game. I promised to return in a day or two and spend a week or ten days with him.

Accordingly, I set out after breakfast one morning, and arrived at Charlottesville about noon, and put up at an inn, on the sign of which was painted an eagle, bearing a most striking resemblance to a large bat, with spectacles, with not a very good imitation of a bundle of harpoons in its *hands*,—they certainly were hands,—over whose head was the word "*Egle*," and under whose legs was the word "*Tavvurn*." Remember, this was Charlottesville thirty years ago, and that it was "Benjamin Slack" (as the sign also said,) that kept it, and also, *it* kept him. I have nothing to say about this tavern, only that I forthwith informed Mr. Ben Slack that I wished to lodge there *that* night, and perhaps another night, which request Mr. Ben received with the usual quantity of smiles and grins, and bows, and forthwith referred me to Mrs. Slack for particulars, as she, he stated very softly, had everything to do with *that* branch of the business; and, as I afterwards learned, with every other branch. Accordingly, Mrs. Slack, the biggest woman I ever met with, ushered me through the broadest passage of a house I ever saw, into *the* wing of the tavern (it had but one wing, the other having been removed, and converted into a separate dwelling; and the tavern being the "Eagle tavern," it was rather curious for the house to have wings; and stranger yet, the walls were covered with duplicate of *bills*, and you know eagles mostly have bills; and, moreover, the landlord (*and* his lady) had a son called Bill;—queer, this.—Digression No. 2), where I was bid to install myself in a very large room, with the very broadest fire-place, and the greatest possible table I could imagine, with a bed, standing upon three legs (a huge billet of wood kindly doing the offices of the absent limb), capable of holding at least one dozen, of course packed heads and tails; no, not that, but feet to feet, all round the bed, so as to describe a circle.

Well, I slept there that night, and ate breakfast there the next morning, after which I went out and settled the business for which I partly visited Charlottesville, and returned to the inn to dine "*precisely*," as Slack had it, at twelve. All that afternoon I suffered martyrdom, in answering a number of questions, duly administered by Mrs. Slack. O! Heavens! did I say *a* number?—without number. Questions in every possible shape, on every possible topic, she "poured into the porches of mine ears," which I answered "yes," and "no," and whether

it fitted the question or not, it seemed perfectly satisfactory. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Slack were from "East'ard," and so no wonder.

Speaking of Yankees, I never knew of a place on the face of the earth but that a Yankee had been there; this comes within the possibility of my *knowing*; and I feel equally sure there is not a place anywhere else—ditto; this comes within the *probability* of my *believing*.

About five o'clock, who should bolt into my room but Ralph Moreland—

"Come, Seebright," said he, "pack up, and return with me to W——. A panther had the impudence to sneak from the Ridge last night, and make a descent upon the grounds of our worthy schoolmaster, Hans Von Schullemburger, and carry off bodily one of his sheep: and if you will accompany me home, we will muster a good company, and to morrow morning have at him with ball and rifle."

I willingly acceded to this proposal; and in a few minutes was astride of my horse, and on my way to W——.

After settling our plans for the morrow, we retired for the night, leaving directions with Cudjo to call us at five in the morning. Cudjo was a slave, about fifty years of age, but remarkably active. I said he was a slave, and so he was; but he, nor anybody else, appeared to think so. He was as one of the family; he was born on the same day with Mr. Moreland, and had been his faithful companion on every occasion. He had dandled Ralph on his knee, and played tumble-bug with him; Ralph was, as Cudjo emphatically declared "his own flesh and blood."

Before daylight in the morning I was awoke by a light flashing across my eyelids, and the next moment a voice,—

"Massa See-bright—Massa See-bright-t-t,—ugh!—God bress me, how sound he sleeps."

I sprung up in the bed, and saw a sight which astonished me not a little. There stood Cudjo, with the door half open, with a lantern elevated above his head, beneath which glistened the whites of his eyes, his mouth (none of the smallest) distended into a grin, disclosing any quantity of teeth, all capped, coated, and knapsacked, for a journey.

"Yah! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the snowball, as he observed my bewildered looks; "Massa See-bright, Massa Ralph be awaitin' for you. Whew! there be Jim and Jack Brown, and Tom Smith, and oceans more, a gwyne arter the painter. Massa See-bright," said Cudjo, speaking in an under tone, "Jack Brown can hit—"

"Cudjo!" shouted Ralph. Cudjo vanished.

I arose, and dressed, and descended, where I was introduced to those who were to be my companions in the hunt; and a finer set of fellows I never fell in with. We agreed to go out in the field and try our rifles, while breakfast was preparing, so as to obtain a steady hand, and gain a correct sight of our pieces.

We had everything ready, and about seven o'clock we started. In passing through the village, we went past the door of Hans Von Schullemberger, whose sheep the panther had stolen the night before. Hans was looking out of the window, but thinking no one saw him, he disappeared in an instant.

"Ralph," said Smith, "did you see Hans? He thinks we'll press him into our service, and has made his exit in a hurry."

"Is it so?" said Ralph, "By Jupiter, it would be a good joke to make him go with us. Come." And he stepped up to the door, and knocked. As the door was opened, by a sleek, comely looking dame, we heard an inner door shut. This was Hans' better half, whom he had married, and brought from Massachusetts, he having lived there some time.

"Mrs. Von Schullemburger, is Hans in?"

The matron did not speak, but smiled, and quietly pointed with her thumb over her shoulder to a door.

Ralph threw it open, and there lay Hans, in nightcap, and in bed, fast asleep, that is if snoring is any evidence of somnolency.

"He is fast asleep," said Ralph significantly to us, which almost convulsed us with laughter. Hans snored louder, and slept sounder. "Hans!" shouted Ralph. Hans increased the music from his nasal organ. "Hans! Hans!" bawled all of us, in tones loud and distinct enough to wake the dead. But Hans slept sounder than before.

"Well," said Ralph, "I suppose we must throw a bucket of water on him; he'll not wake without."

"Pless my soul!" ejaculated Hans, suddenly opening his eyes. "Is that you, Ralph?—What is it you want mit me?"

"Get up, and you shall learn."

The Dutchman slowly arose, and dressed himself, which he did very leisurely.

"We want you to take a jaunt, and help us hunt down the panther."

"O, pless me, I can't hunt te panter,—I have to teach te leetle poys to reat," said Hans, quivering with fright.

"Never mind the boys," said Ralph; "you must give them a holiday."

"Put you know, Ralph," said Hans, coaxingly, "te poys' parents wouldn't pe pleased mit it."

"I'll be responsible, Hans. Come, rig out, get your gun, and let's be off."

"Put consider, Ralph, if I should pe killed py te panter, what would pecome mit mine vife?"

"Fudge! Come!"

"And tere's my chiltren,—Hans, Diederich, Wilhelm, Snyder, Nicolas, Gottfreid, Wilhelmina, and Gertrude,—what would tem precious souls do should I pe torn to pieces? Oh! dear, Ralph—"

"Come along; you'll be none the worse for it."

"Ten tere's mine precious vife.—Patients, you can't let me go, can you?"

"My dear husband," said Patience, with resignation, "if these gentlemen insist on it, how can I help it."

Hans grew more earnest than ever, and assumed every variety of deprecating looks, and gazed very beseechingly at Patience. But Patience seemed determined not to understand him.

"Put, Patients, consiter; you can't support our *tear* chiltren,—you are not strong enough to work,—if I should pe taken away from you. Now, Patients, you can't let me go, can you?"

It was with the greatest difficulty that we could refrain from bursting into laughter at the entreaties of poor Hans, that his wife would lay her commands on him to stay at home; but Patience had no such idea; and she shook her head rather decisively.

"Come, Hans, we must be off. It was your own property that was stolen, and you show no inclination to apprehend the thief. This is wrong."

"Put, Ralph, I'm no hunter; pesides, I'm a christian man, and whatever Providence ordains, I—"

"Go, dear Hans," said his wife, "and I will pray for your safe return."

Well, ten," said he, gravely, "our chiltren will pe starved; for I know I shall pe killed."

"The Lord has been bountiful in his outpourings, and if he takes any of their number away, he will replace them a hundred fold."

"Put, Patients, I shall pe in te grave."

"The Lord will provide for those that put their trust in him," said she, meekly.

Hans looked puzzled at this; he conceived there was something not right in the last words of his wife, but what it was, the thickness of his cranium prevented him from comprehending. So with a multitude of sighs and groans, he proceeded to equip himself, and embracing his wife, and kissing a very great number of very fat children, of all colors and sizes, which he called his own, he shouldered his gun, a duck piece, about ten feet long, and two of us, placing ourselves on each side of him, led him rather unwillingly towards the Blue Ridge.

Nothing can be more grand or exhilarating to a hunter than ascending the Blue Ridge. I cannot pourtray what my feelings were with anything like a brief style. Above me arose peak above peak, on which, here and there, the chesnut and the oak spread their branches far and wide; while in the bottoms an occasional cedar reared its head, reaching, as it were, to the clouds. Above, below, on either side, yawned wide the dark and terrific cave, within which the crouching panther or the prowling bear, might find a fitting retreat. As fast as we ascended one eminence, another would start before us, presenting one vast mass of rock and wood. As we gained the ascent along which we purposed travelling, intending to pitch upon Brock's Gap, as the scene of our action, a distance of about thirty miles, that is, from the manner in which we would have to travel, performing circuits round certain points of the mountains, which it were impossible to surmount, we encamped for the night, and by daylight started on our journey, proving only fatiguing to Hans, who made many complaints; but it was now too late. We arrived at the destined place about noon. On one side appeared Brock's Gap, a rude chasm, that seemed rent asunder by some convulsion of nature. It was a grand sight, to stand on the brink, and gaze down the rugged opening, far into the bowels of this huge body of earth and rock. Towards the East end of the Gap, it was narrower, out of which, and near one of its banks, arose a mound of earth, rising nearly perpendicularly to within about twenty feet of the eminence on which we stood. On this piece of land a stunted oak reared its head, spreading its thickly studded branches around, and almost concealing the bank from either side. Opposite this spot, spread a vast wilderness of bushes and trees, at the entrance of which a cavern, formed by two huge rocks, far sunk into the earth, oped its mouth, and presented a den of impenetrable darkness.

Our journey had somewhat sharpened our appetites, so we sat down, and proceeded to discuss the contents of Cudjo's knapsack, which we relished not a little, while the dogs dashed through the copse, with their noses to the earth, and then returning, leapt up, and barked, as the delighted Cudjo whistled and slapped his thigh, and making the most uncouth grimaces that were ever beheld.

"Well, Hans," said Ralph, "how do you like hunting, eh?"

"I ton't like it at all. Ah, Ralph, you ton't know what will happen to you one of these tays, in rushing into the jaws of death after these unreasonable brutes." And seeing we listened to him with gravity, he grew emboldened and quite eloquent on the subject. "Now Ralph, pray let me urge you to apanton this mad scheme, and go home, and let the poor beasts be in the places that Got placed them."

While this exhortation was going on, Hans was seated on a rock, some feet above the rest of the party, they being stretched on the green sward, inwardly bursting with merriment at the troubles of poor Hans.

"Down!" shouted Ralph to Hans, suddenly. "A bear,—there!" and he sprang to his feet and presented his rifle. Hans uttered out something between a groan and a cry of surprise, and tumbled like a bale of cotton on the ground, and rolled to a distance of some five or ten yards, where he lay as motionless as a rock.

On a point of rock on the opposite side of the Gap, and far above our heads, appeared the uncouth form of a bear, lazily moving about, unobservant of our party. Ralph dropped his rifle again.

"No use; he's out of range. The black devil does it to laugh at us. Why, Hans, what's the matter?"

The poor Dutchman picked himself up, and came shivering towards us.

"Ton't you tink I had petter go to my home, Ralph?"

"Umph," said Ralph, impatiently: "I shall send you into the woods directly to start the panther."

"Oh, mine Got!" exclaimed Hans.

The afternoon was now drawing to a close, and we had as yet seen no indication, save the bear, of trying our rifles upon any other game than squirrels. Our dogs, who had been lying by our sides for some time past, were now sent into the woods, closely followed by Cudjo, who insisted on beating the thicket as a right.

"Come, Seebright," said Ralph, "let's bestir ourselves; another night on the mountains, without hearing the crack of a rifle, is not exactly to my liking. If the brutes will not leave the covert, why we must even take them on their own terms." And then whistling to the dogs,—"*Carlo*, there, boy!—*Snap*, there, sir!—here, *Dash*, at him, sir!" The well-trained dogs, obedient to their master's commands, returned to him, and then dashed into the copse, at the points indicated by his finger. We separated, and spread ourselves, so as to command a view of the greatest part of the wood, which appeared most likely to conceal what we were in quest of. As the presence of Hans would be a drawback to our sport, and prevent us from so minutely examining every place that was likely to harbor the panther, as we could wish, we decided on leaving him behind. Accordingly, on announcing our decision to Hans, the poor fellow was almost in raptures at being permitted to remain in the open space. But we could not avoid taking a malicious pleasure in delicately hinting to the Dutchman the probability of our driving the panther into the open space, and that it was not unlikely he would encounter him, in which case he had better be prepared, by cocking his gun, and be ready to fire at first sight.

This did not at all go to pacify poor Hans, who turned first red, and then white, and then blue, and then the colors joining copartnership, presented all the hues of the rainbow. But with a gulp, he swallowed his emotion, and presented a tolerably composed attitude; no doubt reasoning within himself the wisdom of choosing to stay where he was, and risk the possibility of coming in contact with the panther, to following the rest of us to the manifest *probability* of meeting him.

Hans seated himself on a rock by the brink of the Gap, opposite to the mount which I have before named as rising to within twenty feet of the eminence, surmounted by a dwarf oak. There he sat, his gun elevated perpendicularly, which reached far above his head, and he gazing, with no very pleasurable emotions, into the cave, about twenty steps in his front.

We heard Hans, as we entered the wood, muttering prayers for the preservation of his soul, leaving, with great fortitude, his body to take care of itself, and showering his blessings, in any quantities, on his "*tear* Patients, and my tear chiltren." But we will now leave him, and relate the result of our hunt, which I wish to God had never taken place.

It was an animating employment, and one in which the heart of every true hunter beats with raptures. Our dogs dashed through underwood, and sprang over rocks and chasms, followed by their not less agile biped companions. Here Ralph showed himself every inch a sportsman: his quick, keen eye, dilating as he peered into the recesses of the underwood; his form swelling by the action of his muscles, as he sprang from rock to rock, and then with serpent-like sinuosity, wormed himself through the entangled bushes, where it seemed almost impossible for the dogs to penetrate. Each finger was placed upon the trigger-guard, the muzzle raised, ready, at the first growl, to send its leaden messenger forth.

Suddenly the quick cry of one of the dogs was heard,—the next moment a slight rustle, and Dash sprang to his master's side.

"Why, Dash, boy,—nosed him, eh?—at him again my fine fellow. Here, Snap!—Carlo!—there, sirs—off!" Full of life and activity, the dogs rushed together towards the place from whence Dash had returned, and we leaped with swelling hearts after them, though cautious in our movements, and casting our eyes around for places of security, should we need them.

We were now in the thickest part of the wood, and about two hundred yards from the place where we had left Hans. Again we heard the cry of the dogs—then a bark—followed by a startling cry, such as I had never heard before,—and then a sudden growl—a rush, and the next moment—"Oh! mine Got!"—and then the dull, heavy report of a gun,—an agonising cry—and then a silence, broken only by the rustling of the dogs, who came running towards us, with their noses raised in air, as if awaiting further orders.

At the exclamation of Hans, Cudjo, whose age prevented him from keeping up with us, had rushed towards the spot, and reached there a few moments before the rest.

The poor African sprang towards the brink of the Gap, beside which lay the hat and gun of poor Hans. We were just emerging from the thicket; from the closeness of the wood, and the sun being long since set, we could just distinguish Cudjo as he looked down the hideous chasm; suddenly he sprang back, uttering a cry of fear,—the next moment a panther, with flaming eyes and open jaws, sprang from the mound in the Gap, upon the unfortunate black; with one stroke of his paws he laid his bowels bare, and then dashed into the thicket, followed by the dogs, tearing through hedge and briar, while growls and barks broke upon the stillness of the wood, accompanied by the screams of the fowls, affrighted from their places of rest. Before we could approach the ill-fated black, he had fallen off the Gap, striking each jutting cliff on his downward descent, till he was lost in the darkness below.

As it was now dark, we whistled in our dogs, it being impossible to do anything further that night; only two dogs answered our summons, and one of them lame, and both giving evidence of the sanguinary conflict they had been engaged in.

It may be imagined what our feelings were as we prepared for our encampment. No words passed between us, for we perfectly understood one another. But what was become of Hans? We shouted his name, but no answer greeted us, and we concluded that he had fallen over the brink of the Gap, where he was undoubtedly dashed to pieces.

As soon as daylight broke we moved silently down the mountain, and after toiling for about two hours, we reached the bottom. There, on a rugged point of rock, just rising above the earth, lay the mangled body of poor Cudjo—the body of poor Hans was not to be seen, and no reply was given to our cries. It was enough for me. Ralph approached the body, grasped the hand of the dead negro,—a gush of tears followed,—the genuine outpourings of a noble and manly heart,—and shaking it convulsively, laid it down, and he was again the upright, unbending hunter of the Blue Ridge. In a short time we had constructed a rude litter, on which we laid the body of the African, and we moved melancholy onward towards W——.

SEEBRIGHT.

LETTER FROM "BOOTS."

NIGGER-HEAD KNOBS, near Richmond, (Va.) Dec. 20, 1837.

Mr. Editor.—Seeing of a man's self in his own shadow has a mighty good effect sometimes, I'm a thinkin; for it's apt to show him whether he's "knock-knee'd," hump-backed, or kind o' "parrot-toed" like, or has some such a wrong twist about him that he ought to rectify. Now, since "BOOTS" has tuk sich a strut in the "Spirit," alongside of "PETER WHETSTUN," and travelled all through the "States" in sich "genteel company," and cross the "big waters," and every where on the face of the earth: "Peter" one side, "Boots" t'other;—("go it Boots!") the "boots" on the "other leg." Since "Boots" has taken sich a strut, and I have got a right fair view on him, I think, may-be, his *heels* are *too high*, as he seems to pitch forward like a leetle. Some folks think he's too *sharp-toed*; some agin says he's raither *round* thar', and other some, he's most *too squar'*. The Lord have mercy on poor "Boots!"—how is he to please the people? It's a clar' case none o' them will suit as *pinches*. I tells 'em, perhaps the leather's too coarse, and wont take a bright polish, and that, "*calf-skin*," maybe, would suit him better, as there's a kind o' sympathy-like 'twixt critters o' the *same sort*. One man, measuring rice in a little tin-spout like, and taking in the *cents*, (an article I thought he stood mightily in need of—I don't mean the metal): he said they are "mean enough for any body's work." Now, 'twarnt my business to say nothin', but I wondered to myself how much soap there was in that 'ar' nigger's gourd, and what was the depth of his "clip!" Says I, what is the world a coming to? them that wears *brogues* turned judges of *Boots!* Said I, Mister, if you'll have my opinion of Boots, I think there's too many sorts o' leather about him: says I, there's fine "seven-years-vat" material thar'; and there's *red* morocco for the lining, and your raal coarse country-tann'd, brogue-stitch'd patches, all sowed on to stout bull's-hide soles, and with different sorts o' thread too at that. That kind a shet him up: he sorter see'd I understood cobbling better than he did. Now, it mayn't be right; but I'm sorter "short at one end," (which end it is, is a perfect "head-or-tails" affair); but when I went to school I was the "*littlest*" of all on 'em; and the "big boys," because I could beat 'em at larning, used to laugh at me for being of a "*runt*," by way of spite; but I took all the edge off their wit by carrying the joke always a leetle farder than they did:—jist so with this man measuring the rice in the tin-spout. I got the start of him right on the jump.

Hence, let all your grocers learn,
That making *boots* is not their "turn"—
And weighing rice will suit 'em better
Than passing judgment on "belle-lettres."

I went bang up to the Bank, and a little boy came in thar', and said, "Mister, you want to buy some *specie* here?" The man, a countin' out the money, said yes: the little boy took off his shoulders a great bag of "bread-money"—a whole lot of *coppers:* says he, "here, take 'em, but it's carrying coals to Newcastle, for you had too much 'brass' when you told the people you wouldn't pay them for any of your own paper; but if they didn't pay you for theirs punctually, d—d if you wouldn't *sue 'em*." "Now," says he, "that's the most you chartered companies are good for—to 'protest' other people's notes, and not pay your own." Well, now, I tuk a right good look at that 'ar' lad, and he was a jam-up kind of a sprout indeed! little, but all "lightwood," "cat-gut and goosequill" from top to bottom. Says I, that's a "pig's whisper," but it'll make the "old sow" *grunt*, man! I looked at that ar' "teller" to see if he had any *spunk* about him, but thar' was *no metal thar'*, and he couldn't come to taw.—He's got, they say, the biggest kind of a list of correspondents, whom he addresses always in these very polite terms: "Please to take notice." He has so many little "billets" to send out, that, for short, he has 'em *printed*, and ready for the sign-manual, which is a heap worse than old E-manuel to a man that aint got the "weddin' garment," and aint come to the Ball. Well, I went out, and right aginst the Bank there thar' was great mounds of "Heth's iron ore" stuck up thar'. I met the "big Fish" a gyne in to give *currency* to what was d—n hard *run* already: them 'ar' *protested promissories* of theirn, says I, Doctor, I see you're gyne back to the good old *Spartan stuff*, eh? the "*Iron medium*?" Well, says I, (knowing they war' right *sheepish* about it) I 'spose you will *stamp* the coin as them ar' Spartins did, with the sheep figur'? "pecus," you know: hence "pecunia;" hence "money." Says he, (sort a *chafed*, for that was a right *starchy* paragraph at 'em)—says he, you must be "wool-gatherin'," this morning? Says I, "good! for a cow that's gone dry!" He kinder seemed "wiped up." Says I, I've "kicked the pale over" now, I know; but then it don't matter, thar' was no milk in them teats for a poor thirsty farmer; the town folks gits it all, though the country people *got* the cow. Now, I don't see why folks in town should have more of the loans of the Banks than folks in the country, when the town folks are commonly transient critters and adventurous, and have no permanent interest in the country and its welfare, or even a political qualification, other than "*byling* a pot" once and a while—I say it's wrong, and I means to egg on the country people to do what they are talking about right seriously down here, that is, to put down the unjust, partial and worthless corporations—for they don't do *them* any good. I means to write agin 'em plump, and tell all about 'em; for I guess I knows something that aint so handsome to put on the house-top. I mean to propose to Congress to charter two National Banks, one at Philadelphia and one at Charleston; one to balance t'other; for, when I was trimming my little canoe one day in the mill-pond, I learned that puttin' all the weight on one side sorter *turned* her over: so now, I either sets right in the middle, or puts one leg one side and t'other t'other; which is sorter "even Stephen"-like, you know, and don't keep nara sides *dry*, but lays the "hollow tree" squar' in the stream, head up, and tail a steering—and having them two National Banks, one in the North, t'other in the South, will balance the boat, like, and keep her head up; and her cargo o' wheat will fetch as much in New-York as 'twill in New-Orleans—which is what we want, to throw the *chaff* out o' the way with; for there's so much "chaff and cheat" in the grain now-a-days, that nobody knows which is which. I have got a heap to tell you 'bout these matters, but I 'aint got time jist now to do it in. I got vexed and tuk to the "Knobs" in a brisk trot; but as I went 'long one the cross-streets, where the houses are one side and the hills t'other—great steep banks cut in two, and *levelled down* (what's gyne to be done with the other Banks)—well, the street runs right through the bank, about forty foot below the top of it—and right on top, close to the edge, thar' was a lean cow a picking for a living on the brink of eternity! Says I to myself, what a spirit of adventure for a horn'd critter! what a parody on *Bank* speculations! Says I, old Lady, if you don't take care that'ar' bank will cave in, and you'll go to "Horse-Heaven" straight, for the gravitation will take hold on you. Jist so with some people, they hang on to the side o' the *banks* a feeling on 'em, till presently they git too near the edge, and the bank gives way, and all go together to the bottom, knocked into a heap. Now, as I rid long under her, if that poor kine had tumbled down thar', wouldn't I ha' been monstrously *cow'd?* and *prehaps kill* too! who knows?

BOOTS.

Another "paragraph" next week. O! I dined out to-day, and they ax'd me for a toast; so I drank "there's three 'Ex's' that ought to be *d—d!*" Says they, what is 'em? Says I, "them is the Ex-President, the Ex periment, and the Expedient!" Says they, good, that sweeps the puter! "go it BOOTS."

English Sporting Intelligence.

YORK OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27, 1837.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, P.P., with 20 added, for 2 year olds, colts 8st 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. A winner once in the present year to carry 3lb., twice, 5lb. extra. Horses that have been twice beaten allowed 2lb. To be ridden by Jockies.—T.Y.C.

J. Shepherd's br. f. *March First*, by St. Nicholas—Miss Iris by Blucher	Marson, jun.	1
J. Scott's b. c. Rattin the Reefer, by Rowton	T. Lye	2
J. Sigsworth's gr. c. Hackfall, by Actæon	J. Cartwright	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Brutandorf—Streamlet	T. Welburn.	0
J. Bell's b. c. by Catilus, dam by The Giant, grandam by Orville, out of Otterington's dam	W. Swalwell	0
Duke of Leeds' gr. c. Arcturus, by Actæon	R. Heseltine	0
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Purity	G. Nelson	0
T. O. Powlett's bl. c. by Velocipede—Miss Fanny	J. Holmes	0

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—The *Ladies' Plate*—Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with a superb Silver Tea Service added by the Ladies of York and its vicinity, free for any horse. Jockies to ride. Heats, one mile and a quarter. 11 subs.

Mr. Bell's ch. f. *Golden Drop*, by Actæon—Whisker, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	Geo. Barker.	1	1
Mr. Bowe's b. f. Rebecca, 3 yrs. 7st.	J. Cartwright	5	2
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zobrab, by Lottery, 6 yrs. 9st. 4lb.	Lye	6	3
Mr. Allen's b. f. Vesper, 4 yrs. 7st. 9lb.	J. Gray	7	4
Mr. Jaques' ch. m. Burletta, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	J. Holmes	8	5
Mr. Whitelock's b. f. Maid of Avenel, by Waverley, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.	G. Francis	3	6
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, aged, 9st. 7lb.	J. Hopwood	4	7
Mr. Gorden's ch. f. by Robin Hood, out of Lilish, 3 yrs. 6st. 9lb.	John Wilson	2	dr
W. Shepherdson's b. g. by Percy, dam by Cleveland, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Rd. Skinner.		dist.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Inhabitants of the City of York, for horses not thorough bred; 3 year olds 9st.—4, 10st. 4lb.—5, 11st. 6 and aged, 11st. 7lb. A winner once to carry 4lb., twice 7lb. extra. Thorough-bred horses 14lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb. Gentlemen riders. Heats, one mile and a half. 10 subs.

Mr. Morris's b. c. *The Little Clown*, by Johnny Raw, dam by Bellerophon, 4 yrs. [half-bred]	W. Loft	1	2 1
Mr Allen's b. f. Vesper, by Velocipede, 4 yrs.	H. Boast	7	1 2
Mr. Ibbotson's br. g. Bridegroom, aged [half-bred]	Owner	4	3 3
Mr. Mason's b. h. Conservative, 6 yrs [half-bred]	Mr. Sale	6	4 4
Col. Thompson's b. c. Valentine, by Lottery, 4 yrs. [half bred]	Capt Richardson	2	5 dr
Mr. Judd's gr. c. Needful, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs. [half-bred]	Mr. Wise	3	dr
Mr. Smith's b. c. by Humphrey Clinker—Minos, 4 yrs. [half-bred.	Mr. Jackson	5	dr

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—The All aged Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Inhabitants of the City of York, for 2 year olds, 6st. 10lb.—3, 8st. 10lb.—4, 9st. 5lb.—5 and upwards, 9st. 12lb. A winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice 5lb. extra. To be ridden by Jockeys. One mile and a quarter. 11 subs.

J. Scott's b. c. *Rattin the Reefer*, by Rowton, out of Novelty by Blacklock, 2 yrs.	G. Francis	1
Mr. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, by Whisker, aged	J. Hopwood	2
Mr. Dawson's ch. c. Ainwell, by Actæon, 2 yrs.	T. Lye	3
Mr. Golden's ch. f. by Robin Hood, out of Lilian, 3 yrs.	J. Marson	4
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. by Brutandorf—Streamlet, 2 yrs.	J. Gray	5
Mr. Clinton's b. c. King Fisher, by Voltaire, 2 yrs.	Cartwright	6
Mr. Attwood's gr. c. Clints, by Argantes, 3 yrs.	Weatherill	7

The lot got well off together, when Clints and Catharina made strong running, both being abreast up to the distance—here Rattin the Reefer went alongside of Catharina, and Clints fell in the rear. The two from here ran together home, Rattin the Reefer winning by half a length.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match for 100 sovs.; 11st. each. T.Y.C.

Mr. Campbell's b. h. *Pioneer*, aged	Capt. Richardson.	1
Mr. Codrington's ch. m. Columbine, aged	Mr. Osbaldeston.	2

A pretty race, and won by half a length.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Handicap Stakes of 7 sovs. each, 3 ft, with 20 added by the Officers of the 7th Dragoon Guards, for horses of all denominations. To be ridden by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club. One mile and a quarter. 8 subs.

J. Simpson's b. g. *Aggravator*, by Palmetin, 5 yrs. 10st. 6lb.	Mr. Whitworth	1
Mr. Fairlie's br. g. Zobrab, by Lottery, 6 yrs 12st.	Mr. Osbaldeston.	2
Mr Ibbotson's b. m. Susanna, by Figaro, 5 yrs. 11st. 2lb.	Owner	3
G. H. Thompson's b. g. Mr. Merryman, 6 yrs. 11st.	Capt. Richardson	4
Mr. Fairlie's gr. c. Pyramid, 3 yrs. 9st. 8lb.	Mr. Tongues	5

Won by three quarters of a length.

SAME DAY—*Fourth Race*—Hurdle Race—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; 4 year olds to carry 10st. 7lb—5, 11st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 12st. A winner of one Stake, Plate, or Hurdle Race, Steeple Chase or Hunters' Stakes, before the day of running, to carry 7lb., and of two 10lb. extra. Thorough-bred horses to carry 7lb. extra. Gentlemen riders. Two miles. Six leaps to be taken, over hurdles six feet four inches high.

Capt. Richardson's b. h. *Deceiver*, aged	John Lamplugh	1
Mr. Bentley's b. h. The Unknown, by Mulatto, 5 yrs.	Mr. Arnold	2
Capt. Richardson's br. g. Cashier, aged	Mr. Osbaldeston.	3
Mr. Chandler's ch. h. Daisy Cutter, aged	Mr. Whitworth	4

Won by a length.

SAME DAY—*Fifth Race*—Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages. The winner to be sold for 70 sovs. if demanded within half an hour after the race, the owner of the second horse being first entitled. Jockey riders. One mile heats. 8 subs.

Mr. Matthew's ch. f. *Vision*, by Vanish, out of Ultima by Bourbon, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	W. Oates	4	1	1
Col. Thompson's b. g. Mr. Merryman, 6 yrs. 10st.	J. Holmes	6	2	2
Mr. Ellis's ch. f. Lady Fitzhaugh, 3 yrs. 7st. 7lb.	G. Barker	3	4	3
Mr. Cook's b. f. Wonder, by Brutandorf, out of Tesane, 2 yrs.	T. Lye	1	6	dr
Mr. Stable's gr. c. Hawk Eye, 4 yrs. 8st. 5lb.	R. Heseltine	2	3	dr
Mr. Harworth's b. h. Conservative, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	H. Wright	5	5	dr

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, Oct. 30, 1837.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds and upwards. T.Y.C. 8 subs.

Duke of Portland's b. m. *Skim Milk*, by Little John or Skim, out of Caroline by Whalebone, 6 yrs. 7st. 11lb.	Nat	1
Lord Exeter's b. c. Corban, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.		2
John Day's ch. f. Arsenic, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 8st. 12lb.		0
Col. Peel's ch. f. Gertrude, by Bedlamite—Garcia, 3 yrs. 7st. 12lb.		0
Capt. Gardner's ch. c. Toothill, by The Colonel, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.		0
John Day's b. c. Foozool, by Emilius, 4 yrs. 7st. 5lb.		0
Lord Albemarle's ch. f. Basil, by The Colonel, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		0

3 to 1 agst. Gertrude, 7 to 2 agst. Corban, 4 to 1 agst. Toothill, and 6 to 1 agst. Skim Milk. Skim Milk made the play, followed by Foozool for nearly half the distance, and afterwards by Corban, Toothill, and Arsenic, the whole nearly head and head; at the ropes Gertrude and Foozool fell astern, and half way up them Arsenic gave way, leaving the race to Skim Milk, Corban, and Toothill; this trio made a good finish, Skim Milk winning by a head only.

Match for 1000 sovs. T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's ch. f. *Vulture*, by Langar, out of Kite by Eustard, 4 yrs. 10st. 3lb.	Pavis.	1
Mr. Bowe's gr. c. Grey Momus, by Comus, 2 yrs. 7st. 7lb.		2

5 to 2 on Vulture. The start was slightly in favor of the grey, but after the first 40 yards Vulture took up the running, went away several lengths a-head, and appeared to be winning in a trot; the grey, however, struggled on, and as the mare was stopping to him, he so far improved from the application of the whip, that instead of 50 yards, he was only beaten half a length. Some think that the mare tired, and others that Pavis eased her.

Match for 100 sovs., h. ft. D.M.

Mr. Churchill's ch. c. *Mendizabal*, by Merlin or Merchant, out of Misnomer's dam, by Phantom, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Connolly	1
Lord Suffield's b. c. Cowboy, by Voltaire, 3 yrs. 8st.		2

6 to 4 on Mendizabal. Won by three lengths.

Match for 50 sovs., h. ft., both 2 years old. T.Y.C.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Anne Boleyn*, by Taurus—Miss Mary Anne by Trifle, 8st. 3lb.	Conolly	1
Duke of Richmond's ch. g. Hooghley, by The Colonel, 7st. 10lb.		2

The betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Anne Boleyn, and finished at 11 to 10 on Hooghley. A good race and won by half a length.

Match for 200 sovs., h. ft., both 3 years old. T.Y.C.

Mr. Churchill's br. f. *Egeria*, by Emilius—Manzelwurzel by Merlin, 8st. 2lb.	Conolly.	1
Duke of Rutland's br. c. Rat-trap, by Bizarre, 8st. 10lb.		2

6 to 4 on Rat-trap. Won by a neck, after a very fine race.

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for 2 year olds. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. From the Turn of the Lands, in. 42 subs.

J. Day's ch. c. *D'Egville*, by The Colonel, out of Varennes, sister to Quadrille, by Selim, 8st. 1olb.	J. Day.	1
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Sultan—Ramona by Whisker, 8st. 1 lb.		2
Col. Peel's b. c. Ion, by Cain, out of Margaret, 8st. 10lb.		3
Lord Suffield's ch. f. Haricot, sister to Morotto, 8st. 1lb.		0
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Icaria, 8st. 3lb.		0
Col. Peel's bl. f. Wave, by Defence, out of Versatility, 8st. 1 lb.		0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Anchorite, by Priam or Carthusian, 8st. 5lb.		0

3 to 2 agst. D'Egville, 7 to 4 agst. Ion, and 5 to 1 agst. Wave. The lot got away in excellent order at the first start, Wave leading, closely followed by D'Egville, Ion and the Ramona filly; at the Duke's stand, D'Egville and Ion went in front, and kept nearly abreast till within a few strides of the chair, where Ion dropped off, leaving his opponent to win cleverly by a length; the Ramona filly got her head before Ion just at the post, and was placed second; Wave was 4th, Anchorite 5th, Gen. Grosvenor's colt 6th, and Haricot last. The pace was excellent.

Duke of Rutland's b. h. *Florestan*, by Catton, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb., received forfeit from Lord Suffield's b. c. Alfred, by Partisan, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb. 200 sovs., h. ft. Last mile and a half of B.C.

Lord Egremont's br. c. *Hock*, by Chateau Margaux, 8st. 7lb., received forfeit from Lord Suffield's b. c. Alfred, 7st. 12lb., both 4 years old. 100 sovs., h. ft. A.F.

TUESDAY, Oct. 31—Handicap Plate of 100 sovs., for 3 year olds and upwards. D.L.

Duke of Portland's b. c. *Brute*, by Brutandorf, 4 yrs. 7st. 11lb.	Nat	0
Lord Suffield's ch. h. Turban, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	Pavis.	0
Mr. Gerrard's b. c. Rienzi, by Tramp, 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.		3

Even on Brute, 7 to 4 agst. Turban, and 3 to 1 agst. Rienzi. Turban made all the running, Brute waiting till he was within a distance from home, where he came up to him; a punishing race between the two ended in a dead heat. After the dead heat Brute walked over, and Lord Suffield and the Duke of Portland divided the Plate.

Fifty Pounds—for 2 year olds, a feather—3, 8st. 5lb.—4, 8st. 9lb.—5, 9st. 3lb.—6 and aged, 9 st. 7 lb. Last three miles of B.C.

Capt. Gardner's b. c. *Magician*, by Zinganee, out of Babel by Interpreter, 4 yrs.		1
Duke of Richmond's b. c. by Tranby, out of Conciliation, 2 yrs.		2
Lord Suffield's ch. h. Turban, by Sultan, 5 yrs.		0
Mr. Gerrard's b. c. Rienzi, by Tramp, 3 yrs.		0
Mr. Stanley's b. c. Tivoli, by Partisan, 2 yrs.		0

4 to 1 agst. Rienzi, 5 to 1 agst. Turban, 6 to 1 agst. the Tranby colt, 9 to 1 agst. Tivoli, and 10 to 1 agst. Magician. Tivoli and Turban cut out the work to the Turn of the Lands, where the former gave in; at the Duke's Stand the Tranby colt took up the running, Magician following him to the cords, where he went up and defeated him by half a length; Rienzi was several lengths behind, Turban next, and Tivoli last. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 300 guineas.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 and 3 year olds. T.Y.C.

Mr. Smith's br. f. *La Meprise*, by Velocipede, out of Zenobia, 3 yrs. 9st.	G. Edwards.	1
Mr. Bond's b. f. Smelt, by Shakspeare, 2 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		2
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, out of Salute, 2 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		3
Mr Greatrex's b. c. by The Colonel, out of Citron, 3 yrs. 9st.		4
Lord Suffield's c. by Bedlamite, out of Dissolution's dam, 2 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		5

6 to 4 agst. the winner. Won by half a length.

Match for 200, h. ft., both 2 years old. T.Y.C.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Zinganee, out of Malibran by Rubens, 8st. 9lb.	Nat.	1
Duke of Beaufort's b. c. Falconbridge, by Shakspeare, 8st. 2lb.		2

5 to 4 on Falconbridge. Won by a length.

Subscription Purse of 50*l.* for 2 year olds, 6st. 7lb., and 3, 8st. 10lb. T.Y.C.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Elf*, by Shakspeare, out of Zinc, 2 yrs.	W. Cotton.	1
Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by Hawker, dam by Pan, 2 yrs.		2
Lord Exeter's b. c. Corban, by Sultan, 3 yrs.		3
Lord Lichfield's b. f. by Priam, out of Whimsey, 2 yrs.		0
J. Rogers' b. f. by Longwaist, dam by Soothsayer, 2 yrs.		0
Mr. Bond's c. by Shakspeare, dam by Emilius, 2 yrs.		0

6 to 5 agst Corban, 7 to 2 agst. Mr. Rogers' filly, 4 to 1 agst. Hawker filly, and 5 to 1 agst. Elf. Won by two lengths.

Handicap Purse of 50*l.* for 3 year olds and upwards. A.F.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. *Voluptuary*, by Reveller, out of Harriet by Pericles, 3 yrs. 7st.	Nat.	1
Capt. Gardner's ch. c. Toothill, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb.		2
Lord Lichfield's b. f. Cassandra, by Priam, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.		3
Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. St. Luke, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb.		0
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Adrian, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 7st.		0

7 to 4 agst. St. Luke, and 4 to 1 agst. Voluptuary. Won by a length.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Subscription Handicap Purse of 50*l.*, for 3 year olds and upwards.—D.L.

Lord Suffield's ch. h. *Turban*, by Sultan, 5 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	G. Edwards.	1
Mr. Gerrard's b. c. Rienzi, 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb.		2

Match for 100, h. ft. T.Y.C.

Lord Exeter's b. c. *Corban*, by Sultan, 3 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Conolly.	1
Mr. Hunter's br. c. Osprey, by Buzzard, 2 yrs. 7st. 2lb.		2

Match for 100, h. ft., both 2 year olds. T.Y.C.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. *Anne Boleyn*, by Taurus, out of Miss Mary Ann, 8st. 3lb.	Conolly.	1
Mr. Bond's ch. c. Kensington, by Reveller, 7st. 7lb.		2

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. Ab. M.—17 subs.

Mr. Bowe's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Comus, dam by Cervantes out of Revolution's dam	J. Day	1
Col. Peel's ro. c. Paganini, by Sir Benjamin, out of Miss Craven.		2
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Mecca, sister to Corban, by Sultan.		3

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 year olds, 7st., and 3, 8st. 12lb.; fillies allowed 2lb. T.Y.C. 9 subs.

Mr. Bland's ch. f. *Handy Dandy*, by Peter Lely—Ally, 2 yrs.		1
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Munchausen, 3 yrs.		2
Mr. Knight's ch. f. Ote, by Doctor Eady, 3 yrs.		3
Col. Peel's br. f. Rosabel, by Shakspeare, 3 yrs.		0
Mr. Higgins' ch. c. by Haphazard, out of Snail, 3 yrs.		0
Mr. Bond's b. f. Candia, out of Sultana, 3 yrs.		0
Mr. Fisher's ch. f. by Rowton, dam by Sam—Morel, 2 yrs.		0

Match for 100, h. ft. A.F.

Lord Suffield's b. c. *Corboy*, by Voltaire, out of Dairymaid, 8st. 7lb.	G. Edwards.	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. Comate, by Reveller, 8st. 2lb.		2

THE JOYS OF CHAMPAGNE.

When testy old Jupiter ages ago,
Exceedingly wrath at our doings below,
To punish us downwards his thunderbolts hurl'd,
Leaving man all dejected—a desert the world—
The spirit of Mercy was happily there,
And prayed him in pity one comfort to spare;
She never requested a favor in vain,
So the angry old God left the vines of Champagne.
Oh Champagne, cheering Champagne!
Round let the bottle pass,
Fill high the sparkling glass,
What were this world, alas,
Without Champagne!

Unthoughtful, unheeding, ah! little we know,
How boundless the debt to the Goddess we owe,
Whose kind intercession preserved upon earth,
Those greatest of blessings,—good humor and mirth.
The cordial enlivening inanimate man,—
Prolonging existence, deny it who can,—
That sages whole ages have sought for in vain,
The true aqua-vitæ's inspiring Champagne!
Oh Champagne, inspiring Champagne!
Round let the bottle pass,
Fill to the brim your glass,
What were this world, alas!
Without Champagne!

When sorrow hath cast her dark mantle around,
Where gloomily pondering earth's children are found,
All hopeless and weeping, o'erwhelmed with grief,
Thou ever art ready to proffer relief:
Thy aid is accepted—'tis seldom refused,—
Soon the heart-soothing balm in a bumper's diffused;
No longer the emblems of sadness appear,
Smiles quickly succeeding the fast-falling tear.
Oh Champagne, enlivening Champagne!
Fresh'ning as dew to grass,
Quick'ning man's heavy mass!—
Round let the bottle pass,
Bumpers again!

The Poet, high lord of the regions of rhyme,
Whose works, ever new, mock the havoc of time,
Obtaining immortal renown through thy aid,
To thee his unceasing devotions are paid.
How brilliant his fancy when thou dost inspire,
How vig'rous his genius when warmed with thy fire!
His rhymes how insipid—his efforts how vain,
Unaided by thee, wit-inspiring Champagne!
Oh Champagne, inspiring Champagne!
Round let the bottle pass,
Wit would soon die, alas!
But for the sparkling glass,
Bumpers again!

When the clergyman pondering is sorely perplexed,
To unravel some indistinct chapter or text,
He hies to his cellar—solicits thy aid,
And aside for a moment the volume is laid;
Filling high the bright goblet its virtue he tries,
Soon the clouds are dispersed that o'ershadowed his eyes;
And we hear him pronounce, as each text appears plain,
"Thou'rt the key to all wisdom, inspiring Champagne!"
Oh Champagne, inspiring Champagne!
Round let the bottle pass,
Fill up another glass,
Wise man, thou'rt but an ass,
Without Champagne!

When the warm-hearted youth woos the maid of his choice,
How flutters his pulse, and how falters his voice,
As she coldly upbraids him for teasing her so,
And replies with a heart-chilling "No, sir, oh no!"
He seeks thy assistance—untwists the brown wire—
Soon reserve and restraint make their bow and retire;
Her bright beaming eyes her warm feelings express,
She smiles through her blushes, and kindly says "Yes!"
Oh Champagne, enlivening Champagne!
Round let the bottle pass,
Each fill and toast his lass—
Up to the brim the glass,
Bumpers again!

When beauty and youth are assembled around
Where gaily the notes of shrill music resound,
Till the first formal hours of the evening have pass'd,
All appear with a cloud of reserve over-cast;
Thou comest, approaching in sparkling array,
Dispelled by the lustre it melteth away;
Good-humor, Good-fellowship, Merriment reign,
Three laughing young cherubs that move in thy train.
Oh Champagne, enlivening Champagne!
Round let the bottle pass,
Fill up another glass,
What were this world, alas!
Without Champagne!

DESPERATE AND GALLANT ADVENTURE.

In the course of Falconer's trip to Campeachy, one of the sloop's crew related to him the following history of a similar expedition, undertaken, about ten years before, by an English sloop, of which the narrator had been on board. The wood-cutters, trusting to accomplish their purpose in the usual clandestine manner, got quietly on shore, all but six, who were left on board to take charge of the vessel. As soon as the main body of the crew were thus separated from their sloop, the Spaniards, who had intelligence of their descent, dispatched a number of canoes, containing in all about one hundred men, and seized her, without resistance of the six on board, who were instantly clapped under hatches. Having ransacked her, and sent every thing of value on shore, they made preparations for trepanning the absent crew, of whom a detachment was to return on board the very following night, with a load of the log-wood. With this view the six English prisoners were, on the next evening, taken up to the deck, and compelled to stand there as their comrades approached in the long boat from the shore, on pain of instant death if they should dare to give the slightest warning of what had happened.

The long boat's crew, wholly unsuspicious, came freely alongside, climbed the vessel carelessly without their arms, and were, in a moment, seized and put in irons. After some time, the party on shore, who had been expecting them to reland for another load of log-wood, became uneasy at their non-appearance, and sent a second canoe with six men to learn the reason of the delay. The Spaniards repeated their stratagem, and this party was taken in the same trap as the former: but, in the middle of the night, one of these last six found means to slip into the water; and, though the sloop lay a league from the shore, he swam safely to land, and acquainted his comrades there with the misadventure of the two first parties. Now it happened that some French hunters had come in from the bay, and had left three large canoes moored to the strand.

After a short consultation, the Englishmen took possession of these boats, and made the best of their way in them, well armed, towards their own sloop, intending to let it be supposed, as they got on board, that they, like the two former parties, were unaware of the capture by the Spaniards. When they had rowed within a hundred yards of the sloop, some of their own people on deck, who were acting under the compulsion of the Spaniards, hailed in the usual manner: to which the rowers affecting great displeasure, answered by cursing them for not having come back to shore with the long boat for another cargo, instead of leaving the log-wood to be brought in canoes.

"How many are you?" repied their comrades on the deck.

"We are all here now," said the canoe men, "except three, whom we left ashore to look after the arms and the remainder of the log-wood, which you must go ashore and fetch immediately in the long boat."

"The boat cannot be sent," rejoined the men on deck, "for we broke such a hole in her bow against a ledge of rock, in bringing the first cargo of the log-wood, that it was as much as we could do to get her as far as the sloop."

By the time these questions had been asked and answered, the canoes' men were close in, and began to run nimbly up the vessel's side.

The two or three who first stepped on board, drew their pistols and cutlasses from under their watch-coats, and fired on the Spaniards, who, half unarmed and without suspicion of the counterplot, were running up to seize them. The next two or three of the English, as had been preconcerted, gave arms to their countrymen who were on deck, and running down the hatchway, dispatched the sentries who guarded the remainder of their countrymen. Then, returning upon deck with these fresh recruits, they fell upon the amazed and disheartened Spaniards, who now threw down their arms and demanded for quarter. This being granted them, they were all secured under hatches. And thus, after the destruction of nine Spaniards and the loss of one Englishman, the sloop was once again in the possession of the British master and crew.

Encouraged by this success, they now enlarged the plan of their enterprise; and, learning that a rich ship was lying in the harbor before the town of Campeachy, they laid a plan for making prize of her. Hoisting Spanish colors, they sailed for Campeachy, and, arriving in the forenoon of the next day, saluted the fort, as friends, with seven guns, which compliment was returned to them from the shore. The people were assembled in crowds on the beach, to see the English wood-cutters, whom they concluded that this vessel had taken, and was bringing in as their prisoners; but the vessel passed on towards the Spanish ship, which was the object of her cruise—and which appeared in sight, a league from the town, preparing to come nearer in-shore. The Englishmen, sailing up to her, boarded her on the starboard side, which lay off from the land, took her without firing a gun, cut her cables, and made out to sea before the matter was perceived in the town. As soon as the fact was understood, a Spanish man-of-war, of thirty guns, slipped her cables from the harbor, and crowding all her sails for a pursuit, began rapidly to gain upon the sloop; upon which the English master brought forward his Spanish prisoners—bound and placed them in a position to receive the enemy's fire. When the Spaniards came up and commanded the English to strike, they answered by directing the Captain of the Spanish prisoners to point out the exposed condition of himself and men.

His representation at length succeeded in inducing the Spanish man-of-war to retire again towards the town, of which movement the English forwith availed themselves, by making the best of their way to sea; but before the Spanish ship got back to the shore, she was met by several armed boats, in one of which was the Governor himself, who gave a peremptory order to regard nothing, but to retake the Spanish prize and capture the English pirates at all hazards; and the man-of-war accordingly tacked once more and resumed the chace with her utmost speed. The English perceiving what had happened, and finding that their pursuers gained upon them, resolved to quit their sloop and give battle in their prize ship, which carried twenty guns; but their great difficulty was, that, while they had but seventy-one men of their own, they had two hundred Spanish prisoners, who, if let loose by any chance in the hurly-burly, would destroy them; and the only resource appeared to be the terrible one of putting their prisoners to death. Upon receiving the intimation of this prudent expedient, the Captain of the Spanish prize, who spoke tolerable English, addressed himself to the English master and mates to this effect:—"Gentlemen, you took us fairly, of which we make no complaint; but if you expose us to the fire of our countrymen who are coming up, as you did before, we must inevitably perish. Now, should they fire upon us, I have this to say, that as they will thereby prove themselves to have no consideration for us, so we ought to have none for them; and (to cut the matter short as the time is so), if you will give us liberty we will freely fight under your command, and endeavor to defend your vessel as though it were our own.

This proposal being approved by the other prisoners, the English selected sixty combatants—placing them at the great guns, but without arms, so as still to have a command of them; and the remaining one hundred and forty were left bound under hatches where two sentries were placed, with charged pateraroes, and orders to fire upon them should any thing like disturbance appear.—These precautions having been taken, and escape by flight being impracticable, the English lay to, and waited for the enemy's onset.

When the Spanish man-of-war came within hail, the commander ordered the British to strike instantly and without resistance; "Otherwise," said he, "we shall have no regard even to our own friends on board with you, but shall sink or take you, and put every man of you to death."

The Captain of the Spanish prisoners made answer from among the English, that if a gun was fired, every Spanish prisoner would fight against the assailants as enemies. The commander replied that he had no choice but to obey the orders of the Governor, who had just left him and gone ashore; and with that, the Spanish vessel poured a broadside amidst the English. They returned it both with their small arms and their great guns, which were well plied by the prisoners. In about half an hour the enemy prepared to board with their boats, but were so briskly received, and so damaged by the British hand-grenades, that they were obliged, after great loss, to make for their ship; and in the meantime some English sailors got up into the maintop with more grenades, which they discharged from that position with such effect as to kill and wound more than thirty men. Again the Spaniards attempted to board—firing and shouting as they came on, by way of intimidation; but the shouts and the firing were returned by the British, and with good interest; for one of the British shots carried away the enemy's mainmast, and threw him into such confusion, that, if the British had attempted further fight, he would have been disabled from pursuing them. But fight was no longer in the minds of the English, vengeance now occupied every thought.

The next fire having struck away the rudder of the Spanish ship, she was no longer capable either of tacking or of steering. The British, profiting by the advantage, tacked their own ship, and raked the enemy fore and aft, splitting two of his guns, and sending the splinters in all directions among the crew, by which sixteen of them were killed. The Spaniards, however, continued to fight gallantly, until a shot entering the powder-room, blew the main deck, with several of the Spanish sailors, into the air. The yells and groans of the wounded and dying were now fearful and incessant; and, in the general dismay, the British were preparing to board, when the Spanish vessel gave tokens that she was about to sink, and struck her colors, amid the cries of her sailors for quarter and help. These were immediately granted, and the British boats, together with those of the beaten enemy, saved the whole remainder of the Spanish crew, being however only 95 out of more than 400 men. The loss on the British side was eleven of the Englishmen and twenty-six of the Spanish prisoners, who had all fought bravely, and with the desperation of men assured of death if taken by their own countrymen.

After cleansing the vessel of the blood and mangled bodies, the English master called up the Spanish prisoners, to partake of some refreshments, and to receive the thanks which they had merited by their bravery; and made an offer that, as the British meant to pursue their voyage in the prize-ship, on board of which they had been fighting, the English sloop victualled and ready fitted up, should be the property of the Spanish Captain, to take whither he would. The Spanish Captain, smiling, said he would not take her without paying a price; "But," added he, "as I have no money myself to pay for her, I'll engage, if you will act upon a stratagem of mine, to furnish you with a good price and something

over." Accordingly the long boat was sent on shore (for the destruction of the man-of-war had left no armed force in the harbor to prevent the communication), and the Governor was acquainted that unless he immediately sent fifty dollars a man, as a ransom for the prisoners, they should be tied in couples back to back, and thrown into the sea. Immediately there was a movement in the town—the money was raised—and in twelve hours eleven thousand dollars were brought to the British master. New Monthly Magazine, for Nov., 1837.

THE ABBOTSFORD HUNT.

The 28th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's eldest son, was, I think, that usually selected for the Abbotsford Hunt. This was a coursing field on a large scale, including, with as many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's favorites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country. The Sheriff always took the field, but latterly devolved the command upon his good friend, Mr. John Usher, the ex-Laird of Torfield; and he could not have had a more skilful or better-humored lieutenant. The hunt took place either on the moors above the Cauld-Sniels Loch, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gala; and we had commonly, ere we returned, hares enough to support the wife of every farmer that attended with soup for a week following. The whole then dined at Abbotsford, the Sheriff in the chair. Adam Ferguson, croupier, and Domine Thomson, of course, chaplain. George, by the way, was himself an eager partaker in the preliminary sport; and now he would favor us with a grace, in Burns's phrase, "as long as my arm," beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, and expatiating on this text with so luculent a commentary, that Scott, who had been fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his amen, could not help exclaiming, as he sat down, "Well done, Mr. George! I think we've had everything but the view halloa!" The company, whose onset had been thus deferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number; and sometimes they exceeded forty. The feast was such as suited the occasion—a baron of beef, roasted, at the foot of the table; a salted round at the head; while tureens of hare-soup, hotch-potch, and cockeyleekie, extended down the centre; and such light articles as geese, turkeys, entire sucking pigs, a singed sheep's head, and the unfailing haggis, were set forth by way of side dishes. Blackcock and moorfowl, bushels of snipe, black puddings, white puddings, and pyramids of pancakes, formed the second course. Ale was the favorite beverage during dinner, but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they suited. The quaighs of Glenlivet were filled brimful, and tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the hints for hot punch and toddy soon became clamorous. Two or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers, (one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd,) and then the business of the evening commenced in good earnest. The faces shone and glowed like those at Camacho's wedding: the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, Lowland or Highland; Ferguson and humbler heroes fought their Peninsular battles o'er again; the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow-storm, the parish scandal, perhaps, or the dextrous bargain of the Northumberland *tryste*; and every man was knocked down for the song that he sung best, or took most pleasure in singing. Sheriff-substitute Shortreed—(a cheerful little man, with a sparkling eye, and a most infectious laugh)—gave us "Dick o' the Cow," or, "Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid;" a weather-beaten, stiff-bearded veteran, *Captain* Ormistoun, as he was called, (though I doubt if his rank was recognized at the Horse Guards,) had the primitive pastoral of "Cowdenknowes" in sweet perfection; Hogg produced "The Women folk," or, "The kye comes hame," and, in spite of many grinding notes, contrived to make everybody delighted, whether with the fun or pathos of his ballad; the Melrose doctor sang in spirited style some of Moore's mast r-pieces—a couple of retired sailors joined in "Bould Admiral Duncan upon the high sea"—and the gallant croupier crowned the last bowl with "Ale, good ale, thou art my darling!" Imagine some smart Parisian *savant*, some dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidelberg—a brace of stray young lords from Oxford and Cambridge, or perhaps their prim college tutors, planted here and there amidst these rustic wassailers—this being their first vision of the author of "Marmion" and "Ivanhoe," and he appearing as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable *Dandie* himself—his face radiant, his laugh gay as childhood, his chorus always ready. And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to insinuate that his wife and bairns would be getting sorely anxious about the fords; and the Dumpies and Hoddins were at last heard neighing at the gate, and it was voted that the hour had come for *doch an dorrach*—the stirrup-cup—to wit, a bumper all round of the unmitigated mountain-dew. How they all contrived to get home in safety, Heaven only knows; but I never heard of any serious accident, except upon one occasion, when James Hogg made a bet at starting that he would leap over his wall-eyed poney as she stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of o'ervaulting ambition." One comely good-wife, far off among the hills, amused Sir Walter by telling him, the next time he passed her homestead after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door—"Allie, my woman, I'm ready for my bed! And, oh! lass, (he gallantly added,) I wish I could sleep for a towmont; for there's only ae thing in this warld worth living for, and that's the Abbotsfort Hunt!" Life of Sir Walter Scott.

Matrimony is like masonry—not one knows the secret until he is initiated. It is like an eel-trap—very easy to get into, but plaguy hard to get out of. It is, in its first stage, like a wind that fans the flame of love; but too much fanning blows it all out. It is everything contradictory—sweet or bitter, just as it is taken. In short, it is

Like a glaring light,
Placed in a window on a summer's night,
Alluring all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there;
Those who are *out* butt heads against the pane,
Those who are *in* butt to get *out* again.

Stall Feeding.—This system has long been practised in Switzerland, in many parts of Scotland, and has latterly been gaining ground in this country; and our experience of its great advantages is so satisfactory, that we willingly assist in giving publicity to the plan. An open shed, roomy, shaded, and airy, should receive the animal in summer, and a warm stable ought to be her dwelling in winter. Food to be given four times a day, the quantity regulated by watching her appetite, so that she be not allowed leave. It is a good plan to rub down a cow every morning, as the friction induces a healthy action of the skin and preserves cleanliness. The udder, as well as the hands of the milker, should be washed with soap and water before milking. We have tried all kinds of keep, and have long found that luzerne is the best summer food; and hay and carrots for the winter. Half an acre of meadow pasture, the produce to be made into hay, (with the second crop to be mowed alternately with luzerne, and given green), with another quarter of an acre to be sown with luzerne, reserving a small quantity of it for carrots, will, excepting in very untowards seasons, be found sufficient for a cow on the stall-feeding system; whereas, in ranging her pasture, three acres would have been required. Luzerne, if given fresh cut, will not only give an unpleasant flavor to the milk, but is liable to cause the same distress which a cow suffers after eating too much clover. Therefore, the quantity required for the day's consumption should be cut every night and morning, and the cow should not eat it till it has lain twelve hours on the ground to wither.

We should like to know whether the servants of the Turkish Ambassador are in a state of probation previous to their admission into his establishment. A fellow has been sent to prison for very indecently assaulting a young girl; and upon his being asked about the manner he gained his livelihood, he stated that "he expected to procure a situation in the household of the Turkish Ambassador." Are we to presume that such conduct gave him a qualification for the service of the Turk? He would suit the new Ambassador, who is anxious to bring over his harem, admirably.

Pedestrian Feat of an Octogenarian.—The feat detailed as follows is rare in any one now-a-days, but perhaps unparalleled in the case of an individual who has, by many years, passed the allotted span of "three score years and ten." Gilbert Clarkson, residing in Sanquhar, aged 81 years, and formerly Post between Sanquhar and Old Cucknock, had occasion to pay a visit to the families of his sons in Glasgow, and on his return homeward, went over the ground at the following rate:—Gilbert started from Glasgow at four o'clock on the morning of the 7th inst.—reached Hamilton at 7; Calderheat toll-bar at 10; and Douglas at 3 P.M., where he sojourned an hour and refreshed his inner man. Thence he passed over a wild and weary muir, and made his way down to Crawick-water, and although the day had been partially wet and stormy, the veteran arrived at Sanquhar before 10 o'clock. The distance is upwards of 50 miles, and the journey is more remarkable for the powers of endurance which the old man showed, than for the cleverness with which he has gone over the ground. The hoary-headed denizens of Annandale must yet remember the prowess of "Lockerby's Lightfoot;" and had these worthies met some 45 years since, we can readily conceive that a tough tussel alone would have decided the victory on either side. The locomotive sinew of this Sanquhar pedestrian must have been first rate some half-century by-gone—and it is surprising that we have not before heard of him, as the Nithsdale Von Woodenblock.

A wrong letter will sometimes create a vast alteration in the meaning of a sentence. At the conclusion of a report of a Radical dinner, we read that "the company arose and adjourned to the ball-room, where the ladies anxiously awaited the arrival of the *levellers*." We understand a leveller to be one who brings everything to the ground; and surely we cannot suppose that "the ladies anxiously awaited the arrival of the levellers" in this instance for any such purpose. Writers ought to be very guarded whenever they have occasion to speak of the ladies; as certainly such a statement as that above is calculated to give much offence. We presume that they merely wanted *revellers*.

A MAIN OF COCKS

WILL be fought at Govanstown, near Baltimore, on the 1st Jan. next—Harrisburg vs. Baltimore. $100 a fight and $1000 the odd, showing twenty one cocks a side.

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.
Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2 Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.
Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.
L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.
Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.
W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Byrum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.
Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G. Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839. Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.
Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edisborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Ridgewerth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.
Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names —— o21]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—
First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.
On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.
Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.
J. B. TAYLOR,
POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*
[n18-tlJ]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can go his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 24 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, ft. $200, for the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. f. Tisamingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]
No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
" " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]
No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glenmara, produce of Neil Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]
No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cocs " " " " Sally Sailor.
Dec. 5th, 1836. [Closed.]
No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " g. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——
To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.
No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.
Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs.
A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.
Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address
[n18-tlJ] J. H. OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.
1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $400, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.
St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1849. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—
Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.
In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.
Sweepstakes for 1839-40.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. G. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
Sweepstakes for 1840-41.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.
For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.
Sweepstakes for 1841-42.
1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.
2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.
3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.
SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.
Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.
Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.
Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.
Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.
Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.
New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18mo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31½ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.
None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.
jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day the ensuing, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.
N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mahamed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.
Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[A12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

WANTED,

IMMEDIATELY, a young Setter Slut, well broke and handsome, for which a good price will be paid. Apply at this office. [d9]

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,
NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,
EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*
The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—
Original Tales of Powerful Interest.
Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.
Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.
The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.
The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day.*
An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.
The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column containing more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.
An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.
Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.
To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o28]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, La. - - Rapides Course, Jockey Club Races, 1st Tuesday in Jan.
AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - Jockey Club Races, 29th Jan.
NEWBERRY C.H., S.C. Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match,—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
ST. FRANCISVILLE, S.C. Jockey Club Spring Races, 1st week in January.
" " " Match, One mile and repeat, $500 a-side, Mr. Harrison's *Mexican* vs. Mr. Farrarr's *Uncas*, Dec. 25.
" " " Match, $1000 a-side, One mile out, Mr. Howard's *Churnleg* vs. Messrs. Bracy & Bostic's *Ballpeter*.
ST. MATHEWS, S. C. - Jockey Club Fall Races, 2d Wednesday in Jan.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time. ALBERT A. JETER.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

WASHINGTON vs. ALEXANDER.

HUNTSVILLE, Mo, Dec. 1, 1837.

Match Race, for $1000 a-side, One mile out.

William Cooley's (Mr. Dameron's) ch. h. *Washington*, by Washington, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 103lbs. 1
D. C. Garth's (Mr. Yates') ch. h. *Alexander*, by Hephestion, dam by Piett's Alexander, 5 yrs. 114lbs. 2

Time not kept.

The track was very muddy, it having rained in torrents for the last two days. The time might have been a few seconds less than three minutes.

The above horses had run in a match, for $200, a single dash of a mile, at the last regular Fall meeting, over the Huntsville Course, which Alexander won with great ease, Mr. GARTH and Mr. COOLEY jointly starting Washington, the then loser. The present match, for $1000, was made under considerable excitement; the friends of Washington having insinuated that Mr. Garth, who had the control of the horse, had intentionally thrown away the race.—"Evil be to those who evil think." Mr. Garth is a high-minded, honorable gentleman, of some substance, who emigrated from Va. some five or more years ago, and brought with him from the Old Dominion those qualities for which Va. gentlemen are so eminently distinguished. Indeed, the charge is totally without a shadow of foundation to rest upon, as there was not in all as much as the stake betted upon the race. Mr. G. should be looked upon by all (as he is by some) as a public benefactor to this part of Mo., he having recently laid out several thousand dollars of his spare cash in thorough-bred stock, of Va., bringing into this country a beautiful 3 year old ch. colt, by Charles, out of the sister to Cutthroat, bred by Col. HETH, of Va., and two beautiful fillies, one by Eclipse, the other by Gohanna, both bred by Mr. E. F. WICKAM, out of his best mares, which I should say, ought to be of putlic benefit to the country; it is, however, one of the misfortunes of the turf, in very many parts of the world, that a gentleman can't indulge in a little amusement on the turf without having his character traduced and villified by every sort of people who may choose to visit a race.

Well, for the race. About 11 o'clock the rain ceased, and a few minutes before 12 both horses appeared on the course, followed by a very large number of spectators who had collected from several of the adjoining counties. About the time of stripping, considerable was said about Alexander having the strangles; and, indeed, he was running at the nostrils more freely I think than I ever saw a horse in my life; yet he was a very decided favorite, and numerous offers of $100 to $80 were made on his winning, but no takers, the general opinion being that in equal condition, he could give Washington sixty yards, and beat him.—It was thought the distemper would not make that difference in his running. At about 12 o'clock, the Judges called up the horses, Washington first, Alexander second. After four ineffectual attempts, they got off most beautifully together, a perfectly dead lap, and away they went under whip and spur, as if for a quarter race. In making the first turn Alexander let in daylight between them, under the severest kind of punishment, which he continued to receive, all the time gradually widening the space until he was at least 40 yards ahead, when the distemper began to operate; then came Washington, gradually closing the gap, and they entered the quarter stretch, W. ahead, amid the shouts of hundreds, and to the utter mortification of many, won the $1000, all in Benton metal, by beating Alexander at least 40 yards. Immediately after which, Mr. Garth and his friends proposed a subsequent match, to come off next Spring, between the same horses, for any sum between $500 and $5000. MONCUS.

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.--VOLNEY.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Dec. 15, 1837.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

SIR—In looking over your last, I perceived an account of the races in this place, extracted from the "Federal Union." In that report great injustice was done one of the horses contending in the four mile race; I mean *Volney*. He was placed as distanced, and 'tis true he was *distanced;* but if the reporter had done what was his *duty* (if he pretended to report), he ought to have stated the *reasons* for it, then all would be right; but to send out the report, as they did when they could not but know the circumstances, was very *wrong*, to say the least of it. Any one would suppose him a very trifling horse to be distanced in such time, "having a fair shake"; but their opinion would be quite different were they acquainted with the circumstances. They are as follows:—Some two or three years since he was taken off the turf, in consequence of his becoming unmanageable,* and would only run as long as he pleased. This Fall his owners determined to try him again—and at first he trained very well; but as soon as he began to feel his keeping, he commenced his old tricks—such as stopping short and attempting to throw his rider. While "exercising," indeed, he became so ungovernable, that he was "*turned out*" about two weeks previous to the races at this place, and not "taken up" until the morning before the four mile race. It was thought there would be no race for the four mile purse, and he was merely entered for sport, though some of his friends "believed in him" so strong that they were perfectly willing to put up the "shiners" on him, if he would run kindly; but that was out of the question, and no one expected him to win.—They all got off well together, Volney taking the lead, which he kept (making an attempt to stop) about a mile and three quarters, when he again stopped, and Kite, who was by, passed him about twenty or thirty yards: he got off and repassed Kite before reaching the Juges' stand, and was ahead about 400 yards beyond the stand in the third mile, when he again stopped, and would not move an inch—without kicking. Now, Sir, "this is the truth, and nothing but the truth." I should not trouble you with this, but I am a friend of fine horses, and cannot remain silent and permit one of the finest horses "put down" by the incorrect "reports" of those "who know not what they do."

Very respectfully yours, THE WANDERER.

* He ran a three mile race with Bascombe at that time, in Columbus. The first heat he was only beaten eighteen inches—the second heat, after running two miles a head, he took the "steel," threw the rider over his head, and, *of course*, was also "*distanced!*" It was then thought he could have beat Bascombe if he had continued to run.

Ferocious Reporters.—The papers have a strange way of saying in cases of accident "No one was *seriously hurt*," as if there really was something *comic, per se* in being thrown out of, or run over by a vehicle, and that nothing short of a death could entitle such an occurrence to the epithet "*serious*." For instance—Lady Copthall was run over by a cab. The wheel passed over her nose, and the horse put his foot in her eye, while the whole weight of the cab passed over her ladyship's chest, but we are delighted to add that the accident was "not *serious*." The devil it wasn't. We wonder if Lady Copthall saw any fun in it.

"Hiccup!" exclaimed Sykes, "the wine has completely *taken me in*." "Well," rejoined D'Israeli, "one good turn deserves another—wine is at all times most *grateful*."

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

LITTLE ROCK, (Arks.), Nov. 29, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor—Well, Pete is worn out *making laws*. Bear hunting is another sort of fun to what is going on here. The circus have put out; I couldn't get them to go to the Devil's-fork, tho' I told them what lots of money they could make. I got a letter from Lawyer McCampbell last night: he gives me lots of news.—Sister Sal has had a fine boy, and Jim Cole is proud the right way; Jim sends word to me to make haste back—he says the *bear* are thick on the *dry fork*. My ambition is satisfied. I have seen more villains here than would hang a regiment in a civilized country. These here pure democrats are cautious: the way they talk about the honest mechanic, and worthy farmer—the bone and sinew—and all such stuff—and at the same time they wear the best of broad cloth, fur hats, and the like. I tell you it is all a mistake about these sort of people loving the people: some of them come under the head of General Jackson's description of Reuben Whitney—they are "*persecuted patriots*."

Well, I guess the *porter flew* in the big race at New-York. If that Lady Clifden aint all horses, I am mistaken, and Picton and Fanny Wyatt are jewels; Old Mingo being lame was a great misfortune. If he aint the best horse in the world, my name aint *Pete Whetstone*. Why John Bascomb has had the slime knocked clean off him by this *big race*—7:44—7:43½—7:56½—

"Oh, where did you lay last night—
Oh, where did you lay last night?
I lay behind the bed,
To see that *fat gal* shake her leg.—Oh, little boy—little boy, get out the way.

I expect we are going to see horses run the four miles in 7:37—7:40.

Well, I am mighty sick of this place; I want to be in the woods—this here sort of life they live here, is killing *Pete*.

They have got me in a frolic two or three times: they had the *curiosest* sort of cider I ever see; when they pulled the cork out of it, it cracked like *Dry Bones* drawing his foot out of a *mud hole*—I tell you it's great cider; I thought after a while that I was a horse—I tell you I felt big: the way some of them got funny, and the way they told good stories, was about right. It is a great drink to knock *possum* out of a fellow. Well, when they got through, some went to fight the tiger, and the way the tiger scratched their eyes out was spiteful.—They aint had any parties here since I wrote last, tho' Capt. Pendyerit, of the steamboat *Little Rock*, gave us a great *blow out*: the *brass band* with Jim Brown at their head were along. The way they danced and had fun was right. The captain is cut the right way of the leather; that wan't slow, I tell you.—Well, we have some big speeches in t'other House: the way they say "Banks are contrary to the genius and spirit of republican institutions, and subversive of the great rights of the Democracy, as secured to them by blood spilt by our forefathers, who fought and bled in the revolution." *N.B. I picked up that scrap.* I am in a hurry, so good bye. Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

A FASHIONABLE M. P.—When "Pretty Polly" Peyton presented himself to Lady Jersey as a candidate for senatorial honors, the following colloquy is said to have passed between them:—

Lady J.—What are your qualifications?
Peyton—Fashion and a cigar.
Lady J.—Can you speak?
Peyton—No; but I can dance.
Lady J.—Do you know the distinction between Whig and Tory?
Peyton—Yes; the one is in, the other out.
Lady J.—Are you able upon occasion to make a noise?
Peyton—I have the lungs of a Stentor.
Lady J.—Can you crow?
Peyton—Beautifully.
Lady J.—And bray?
Peyton—As natural as an ass.
Lady J.—I shall book you for the first vacant borough—you promise well in the list of silent members.
Peyton—I shall do my duty to my constituents, depend on it.

When the subject-matter of marriage was touched upon, at the late preliminary conference at Foremark, Sir Francis Burdett, in allusion to Angela's fortune, spoke of his daughter's settlement. "With your daughter's settlement," rejoined St. Alban's, "I have nothing to do—it is on the subject of *my settlement* that I would prefer speaking. How much of her fortune is to be at my disposal?" "Old Glory," perceiving the drift of his would-be son-in-law, cut short the conversation by saying, "The matter shall have timely consideration—my daughter will, no doubt, be liberal, on the principle that every laborer is worthy of his hire!" The Duke blushed not!

Just as the Queen is going to leave Brighton, the official poodles of the place begin to think of celebrating her Majesty's arrival. Among the extensive preparations mentioned in the local prints, it is stated that the High Constable, as Chairman, is to be placed under a gas illumination and a transparency, and will, it is expected, produce a very *novel and beautiful effect*. What there can be novel or beautiful in seeing a minnikin high constable placed under a blaze of gas, we are at a loss to discover—the beauty of the scene is more likely to consist in the good dinner than in the appearance of the chairman.

We understand that in order to give the fullest effect to the illuminations at the ensuing festival, Sir Robert Peel and a few of the leading plotters on the Conservative side have been applied to to furnish *designs* and *devices*. Whether they will supply *transparencies* is not yet known, as they have the strongest objections to being *seen through* at any time.

"At the time of your house taking fire," observed a Finsbury elector to Wakley, "you of course quitted it immediately?" "Before the blazing element *got a-head*, as you perceive," rejoined he of the *Lancet*.

MINGO

WILL STAND the ensuing season at Cooper's Ferry, Camden, N. J., the season to commence the 15th of Feb., and terminate the 1st July, 1838. Mr. William Cooper, who resides in the immediate vicinity of the proposed stand, will furnish abundance of pasture, of the best kind, for mares from a distance; and oats and hay, if desired, will be provided at the market prices, and suitable accommodations for persons who may be sent in charge of the mares. Every attention and care will be given to guard against accidents and escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping, and that for the service of the horse, to be paid before the removal of the mares, and within the season.

A memoir of Mingo will be published shortly.

The reception of short pedigrees, with mares sent to him, will be very acceptable.

[c30-1t] JOHN C. IRVINE.

HAMPTON RACES.

THE Races over the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga., will commence on the first Tuesday in February, 1838, and continue during the week.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, sub. $1000, a. ft., declaration $100, Two mile heats. Closed with six subs.

M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.
John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie.
John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sally Taylor.
E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway.
Wm. McCargo names b. c. Stael, by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks.

Second Day—Two mile heats.
Third Day—Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Four mile heats. } Free for all.
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5

The proprietors, after a vast deal of expense and labor, have at length fitted up this course, and it is admitted by visitors to be equal, if not superior, to any in the United States, in point of its fixtures, its locality, and its superiority of soil as a training track. The owners of horses, trainers, and riders, say from forty to fifty, can be accommodated with the utmost convenience and comfort.

Twelve or fifteen gentlemen, wishing *measurably* retirement from the noise and bustle of the city, can be furnished with excellent rooms.

Their stables are not inferior to any in America: they can stable from forty to fifty race horses.

☞ A number of fine horses will attend, and great sport is anticipated.

[d23] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor.*

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Races for 1838, over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., have been arranged to come off in the following order:

On *Saturday*, Feb. 17—Citizens' Purse $1000, Three mile heats.
On *Monday*, Feb. 19—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats. Closed with 10 subs., viz.:—

Col. Singleton's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Phenomena by Sir Archie.
Col. Hampton's b. f. *Emily* (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow.
Col. Fludd's c. by Bertrand Jr., out of Grey Girl by Buzzard.
Col. Alston's b. f. *Lilly* (Imp.) by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis.
James Rose's b. c. *Monarch* (Imp.) by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker.
John S. Preston's Imp. b. f. by Priam, out of Sister to Spermaceti.
Powell McRa's gr. c. *Grizzle*, by Godolphin, dam by Financier.
James Sinkler's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard.
E. M. Seabrook's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway by Kosciusko.
Col. Ashe's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Sally Taylor by Kosciusko.

Jockey Club Purses.

Wednesday, Feb. 21—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Thursday, Feb. 22—Purse $600, Three mile heats.
Friday, Feb. 23—Purse $400, Two mile heats.
Saturday, Feb. 24—Handicap Race, amount of gate money, usually from 6 to $700, Three mile heats.
Monday, Feb. 26—The Race for the *Tattersall Whip*, to be run for only by horses the property of members of the South Carolina Jockey Club.

The conditions of this race are—"Entrance $30; Four miles out; weight according to regular rules: whenever challenged after the first year to be run for, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each."

The following Rule is published for the information of owners of horses:

"Horses shall be entered before 9 o'clock, with the Stewards, by *sealed entries*, on the evening previous to the race for which they are to contend."

☞ No post entrance allowed. [d23] JOHN B. IRVING, *Sec'y.*

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him up in the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:22.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:03—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected.

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 230, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $700, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the 24th Jan. 1838, at the residence of the late Daniel Dugger, deceased, in the County of Brunswick, and State of Virginia, 3 miles north of the Court House, will be sold all his Blooded Stock, consisting of

Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen.
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.
F. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham, 3 yrs.
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3
C. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie, 3
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna, 2
C. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham, 2
F. by Eclipse, out of Maria West, 1
C. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peacham, 1
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham, 8 months.
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West, 8
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna; 8

Terms, 12 months. [d23-2t] Petersburg, Dec. 18, 1837.

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees so far as given, are known to be correct.

Cyril John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chinxco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Kenick by McComb's Arabian, g. grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time.—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. I, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 33, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g. grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter*, calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna. Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $1200. D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered.

Chillicothe, November, 1837. [d9-3t]

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 41 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A sole solid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [c23-tf.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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